HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. III.—No. 120.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1859. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN the last number of HARPER'S WEEKLY we commenced

A New Serial Story,

ENTITLED

TRUMPS.

BY

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS,

AUTHOR OF "NILE NOTES OF A HOWADJI," "LOTUS-EATING," "THE HOWADJI IN SYRIA," "THE POTIPHAR PAPERS," AND "PRUE AND I."

ILLUSTRATED BY

AUGUSTUS HOPPIN.

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SPRING FASHIONS.

THE accompanying engraving will recall to the memory of many a young and many an old lady pleasant days spent at a fashionable dry-goods store in the selection of spring dresses. If ever there be a time when shopping is grateful to the rightly constituted female mind, it is at this season—when delightful weather tempts every one into the streets, and when daily arrivals of the most exquisite products of foreign industry stock the fashionable dry-goods stores with dazzling wares. To do the ladies justice, they seldom fail to appreciate the occasion. So buy, ladies, buy! and pay, gentlemen, pay! but take care that your paying bear such proportion to your buying that you shall neither repent the latter nor overdo the former.

THE CORCORAN WEDDING.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

WASHINGTON, *April* 6, 1859.

IF ever, *mon cher rédacteur*, this skeleton metropolis reminds one of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," it is just at this vernal season of each odd year, when the old Congress has just breathed its last, and the new Congress is not as yet elected. The stars and stripes no longer float from the Capitol, to announce that honorable gentlemen are in session; the broad trottoirs of Pennsylvania Avenue are no longer swept by the trailing products of Lyons looms; a corporal's guard of melancholy waiters mount guard over the vacant rooms at the hotels; hackney-coach horses are gaining flesh as they rest from their labors; and even "ye gallant gambaliers," who serve as the *garde royale* of King Faro, have closed their barracks and left, to pitch their tents at the sea-side or where the healing waters flow. Washington has, in fact, no fashionable or political existence just now. The legal people and the press-scriveners find some occupation at the court-room, but the "unfortunate events" which gave rise to the trial are of course tabooed in the recollections of all in society.

The *bourgeois* here (clever people some of them) endeavor to persuade themselves that the vacations are delightful; and insipid parties are given in the parlors recently let to members or to claim-agents. I also found mint in the bar-rooms, and strawberries at Gautier's; nay, I met a man who had courageously appeared with a white hat—but spring has not arrived with the shad in the Potomac for all that. Cold blasts sweep down the valley from the Cumberland mountains, raising Sahara-like clouds of dust; and Mr. Buchanan has to wear his surtout as he takes his constitutional. In a few weeks he will quietly run (by rail, of course) down to North Carolina, and accept the proffered hospitality of Governor Branch; after which he will visit "Wheatland," to see that his crops are in. Miss Lane, *on dit*, will go to your busy city, to pass some time with Mrs. Judge Roosevelt, and then reach Newport at the commencement of the season.

ABOUT THE WEDDING.

But here I am gossiping, when I sat down to chronicle the wedding, last night, at the palatial mansion of W. W. Corcoran, Esq., who gave his only child in marriage to the Hon. George Eustis, a member of Congress from the New Orleans district in the two last Congresses. But a few weeks have elapsed since we received across the ocean fabulous accounts of a wedding in the Rothschild family at Paris, but to that none but the members of the family were admitted. Mr. Corcoran, who may be styled the Rothschild of the United States, as he has amassed his colossal fortune by government loans, was more liberal. Nearly fifteen hundred invitations, gotten up in Broadway, were distributed the Union over, and, when I opened mine, I could almost see inscribed upon it a quotation from Shakspeare: "I come to fetch you to the capitol." Of course I accepted, especially as I had promised some fair friends to tell them all about it.

THE SCENE OF THE FESTIVITIES.

Mr. Corcoran's house (which fronts on President's Square, and has in its rear spacious gardens with conservatories) is that once purchased by the solid men of Boston for their champion expounder, but, like the frigate *Constitution*, there is very little of it left as it was then. The saloons and hall have been lavishly decorated, and numerous additions have been made, including a large picture-gallery, a princely dining-room, and a quaint library, well stocked with rare works and choice engravings.

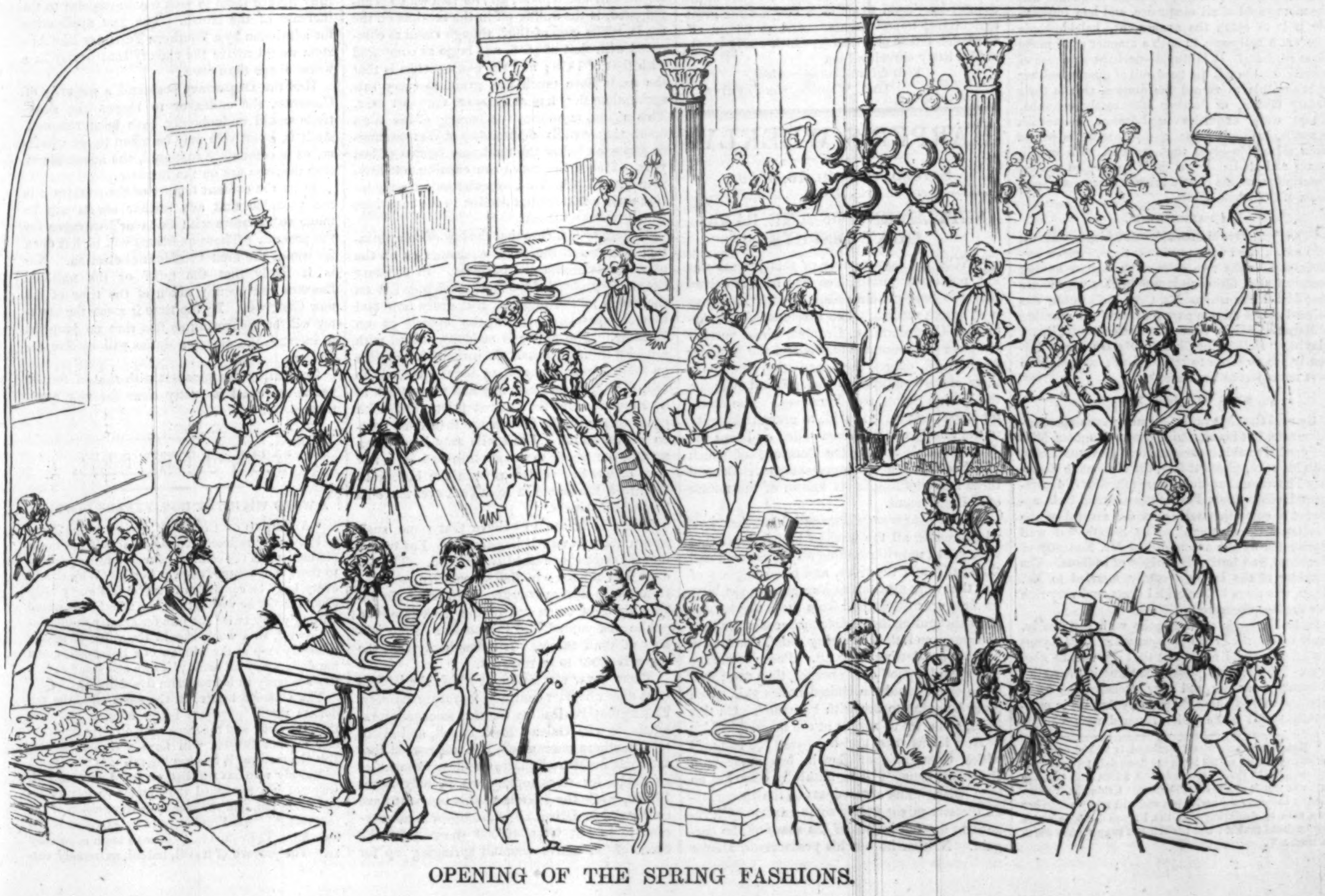
At one end of the picture-gallery, in a bay window which forms a fitting shrine, stands the original *Greek Slave*, by Powers. On the walls are a few paintings by the old masters, including a *Holy Family* by Raphael Mengs, which was brought from Europe by Joseph Bonaparte. The collection, however, is chiefly American, and has fine specimens of the genius of Cole, Doughty, Fisher, Sully, Huntington, Leutze, Lanman, and a score of other artists. For one of Leutze's small compositions, *Milton playing on the harpsichord before Cromwell*, the artist received upward of four thousand dollars.

THE CEREMONY.

The appointed hour was eight o'clock; and before that hour the select circle invited to witness the ceremony had arrived, and were received by Mr. Corcoran. The house was profusely decorated with rare exotics grouped in high pyramids, filling vases or formed into baskets or bouquets; and myriads of wax lights added to the brilliancy of the gas. Every thing was done that could have been done to give *éclat* to the scene; yet Bishop M'Ilvaine, who had been invited for "auld acquaintance" sake to officiate, was *non est inventus*. He probably was accidentally detained; and Rev. Dr. Pyne, of St. John's Church, was invited at a late hour to perform the ceremony.

At eight o'clock Mr. Corcoran stepped into an adjoining room, and soon reappeared with Dr. Pyne in full canonicals. Eagerly was his invitation to repair to the picture-gallery accepted; but I doubt if any one of the crowd which followed him thither was prepared for the impressive and beautiful *tableau* which presented itself.

At the far end of the gallery, as a presiding di-



OPENING OF THE SPRING FASHIONS.

vinity, was the exquisite *chef d'œuvre* of Powers, surrounded by the rarest exotics, pure and white as the eloquent marble itself. Before the pedestal, however, were dense clusters of scarlet azelias, which formed an effective back-ground for the bride, who was, of course, the "observed of all observers." Never was there a more lovely victim at the altar of Hymen, and never did she appear more beautiful. Rather *petite*, with a full face, expressive eyes, and graceful carriage, her portrait then would have been worth a king's ransom. She wore one of the marvelous combinations of modern mantua-making, which almost baffles description, unless by some such adept as the fashion purveyor for *Harper's Magazine*. The dress proper was of white silk, which was entirely covered with puffed tulle, over which was a bertha and a triple-flounced skirt of the richest *point applique* lace. Orange-blossoms decked her corsage and her hair, a bridal vail of rare lace hung in heavy folds, and glistening diamonds, her father's gift, set off her attire.*

The bridegroom, who is a slender, gallant-looking young fellow, combines the Beacon Hill *hauteur* of his paternal ancestors with the French suavity of manner and genial disposition of his sunny home. Next the bride was her cousin, Miss Hill, who, as the first bridemaid, wore white flowers in her hair; and Mr. Eustis was flanked by his younger brother. On either side were three couples of the remaining dozen attendants. Sidney Webster, Esq., well known as the private secretary of President Pierce; M. Camille Dollfus, Second Secretary of the French Legation; Messrs. Wright and Miles, of the House of Representatives; and Mr. Bates, of Boston, formed a fine array of groomsmen. Of course they all sported the bridal favor in their button-holes. As for the remaining bridemaids, Misses Fay, Corcoran, Campbell, Howe, Pennington, and Grow, uniformly attired in white, studded with tiny pink bouquets, they reminded me of the old poet's description of the queen's attendants in the "Flower and the Leaf:"

> "A train less fair, as ancient fathers tell,
> Seduced the sons of Heaven to rebel.
> I pass their form, and every charming grace
> Less than an angel would their worth debase.
> But their attire, like liveries of a kind
> Simple yet rich, is fresh within my mind."

Dr. Pyne stopped a few paces in front of the couple about to be wedded, Mr. Corcoran standing at his right hand, just in his rear, the attendants being on either side. The remainder of the gallery was filled with the interested witnesses of this imposing ceremony. Never was the ritual of the church more impressively read. Mr. Corcoran gave the bride away; the wedded couple knelt upon two prayer-cushions placed before them; and no sooner had the clergyman said "Amen!" than they sealed the rite with a kiss.

Then commenced the congratulations. Next after Mr. Corcoran was the venerable grandmother of the bride, Mrs. Commodore Morris, with three of her daughters, all of them, I believe, the wives of surgeons in the navy. Other relatives and intimate friends were warm in their wishes for the future happiness of the young couple; and after receiving these congratulations they went into the drawing-room. When they had left the gallery a quadrille band entered, and performed during the remainder of the evening. As it is Lent there was no dancing, although many a tiny foot tapped time to the music.

THE GUESTS.

Macaulay once said that printed eloquence was the most vapid of all eloquence, and how impossible is it to catch the evanescent, kaleidoscopic colors of a ball-room, in such a manner as to make them *readable?* It is stupid—perhaps an abuse of hospitality—to tell the bead-roll of guests, neither is it possible to record the dresses, rich in their dainty fabrics, or floating like costly cobwebs. There were exquisite head-dresses, coquettish wreaths, brilliant gems, and—more to be prized than all beside—eyes that sparkled with intelligence and soul. A few must be singled out for description, as the classic brick was sent as a specimen of the whole edifice.

A PARENTHESIS.

[The Executive Mansion, it was whispered about, was not favored with any invitations, *l'intente cordiale* between the two sides of the square having been ruptured, although it was in that very house that Mr. Buchanan, as Mr. Corcoran's guest, was saluted at one minute past twelve on the morning of March 4, 1857, by Gilmore's Massachusetts Band, playing "Hail to the Chief." Mr. Buchanan evidently has no desire to retain friends, although he does not object to use them.]

SOME OF THOSE THERE.

General Cass has rather given up evening entertainments, but his charming grand-daughter, Miss Ledyard, is an able representative. Governor Cobb, with his open, pleasant face, the diplomatic Secretary Thompson, and the austere inheritor of departmental indebtedness, Postmaster-General Holt, appeared to enjoy themselves, as did several of the "ladies of the Cabinet." The Senate was well represented by the accomplished Mr. Kennedy of Maryland, and burly Mr. Bright of Indiana. The daughter of the latter, recently married to Mr. Riggs, was there in her bridal dress, and very rich was the lace she wore.

Lady Napier is at Annapolis with her family, ready to embark in the *Curaçoa* when Lord Lyons has landed, and I doubt not that she will be glad to go. My Lord was present, basking in the smiles of beauty as usual; and very attentive was he to Mrs. Conrad, who was charmingly dressed in elaborately puffed white tulle, trimmed with violets.

The Count de Sartiges (who is anxiously awaiting permission to go to Paris on a *congé*) was accompanied by his American wife, who never looked better than on this occasion, in white and blue; and the best-dressed lady present, after the bride, was the wife (not long since Miss Hoffman, of New York) of the Vicomte Jules Treilhard, First Secretary to the French Legation, whose point lace, worn over white satin, was alike admired and envied. M. De Vaugrigneuse, the *Chancelier* of the Legation of France, has also married in this Republic, and his wife's lace, worn over pink, was pronounced superb. M. Van Limburg is another of the diplomatic corps who has formed a nuptial alliance here; and the many friends of Miss 'Bell Cass will be pleased to learn that she is as attractive and dresses with the same exquisite taste that she did before she passed under the flag of the Netherlands. Waldemar de Bodisco's pretty wife, whose beauty was heightened by her plain white dress, is a subject of the Czar, but his *chef*, M. Stoeckl, is now in St. Petersburg, with his American wife. [Madame De Bodisco, by-the-way, is also there, her sons being in the Imperial army.] As for the foreign *chargés*, they were out in full force, showing the lack of all foundation for the absurd rumor that they considered Mr. Corcoran blamable for his treatment of their colleague Muruagua, who last year made himself somewhat conspicuous in attempting to win Miss Corcoran's affections.

Edward Everett was of course a "star," and was surrounded by many friends, as was his accomplished daughter, Mrs. Los Gringos Wise. The stalwart form of Mayor Berrett; the veteran General Jesup and other officers in full uniform; Colonel Seaton of the *National Intelligencer*, who last week celebrated his "golden wedding," as it is to be hoped Mr. Eustis may; Leutze the artist; Dimitry the scholar and orator, with a bright bud of promise by his side; Riggs of this city, and Fay of Boston, with others whose autographs make negotiable paper gilt-edged; Eames the editorial diplomatist; in short, there were very many noticeable men there, and nearly all were accompanied by ladies in elegant costumes. Let me not forget District-Attorney Ould, whose features are so correctly portrayed in *Harper* for this week, and whose wife is one of the most beautiful and accomplished ladies of the *faubourg* of Georgetown—that is saying a great deal.

THE SUPPER.

There was a tea-room open all the evening, and at the extremity of a flower-decked corridor was a table, upon which was a trio of huge punch-bowls filled with delectable beverages. Later in the evening the dining-room was thrown open, and a supper-table disclosed which would have done honor to the skill of Careme, or Soyer, or Vatel. A high bride's cake of course towered over all, but there was a profusion of *patés*, terrapin, game, oysters, salads, and confectionery of every description, with the products of well-known vintages. The happiness of Mr. and Mrs. Eustis was of course a standing toast. Nor did the grave seigneurs fail to give themselves up to "mirth and merriment, which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life."

LES ADIEUX.

As midnight approached the guests began to depart after again paying their respects to the happy couple. Some of them will to-day meet again at a "wedding-dinner," to be given by Mr. Corcoran, and to-morrow there is to be a *fête champetre* at his country-seat, upon which he is now making great agricultural improvements. And so passed off this much talked-of wedding, which really merited this hasty chronicle from

Your faithful correspondent,
Geo. Washington Jenkins.

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* Mrs. Debenture, whose husband is in the Treasury Department, and whose ideas are financial, told me confidentially that these diamonds cost $8000, and that the lace was worth at least $5000 more. I thought it unbecoming in her to thus criticise, and will repay her in her own coin by declaring that the French *bonbons* which her husband grabbed and pocketed at supper were worth at least a V.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 16, 1859.

SETTLEMENT OF THE PARAGUAY DISPUTE.

SINCE the last number of this journal was published intelligence has been received that the long-pending dispute with Paraguay is at length settled. The President of the Argentine Confederation, Urquiza, whose portrait we gave in a recent number, and the Minister from Brazil, offered their mediation; and with their aid a compromise was effected between the United States and Paraguay. The dictator Lopez agrees, it is said, to grant indemnity to the family of the person killed on board the *Water Witch*, and to the Company of which Mr. Hopkins was the representative. Beyond these facts nothing is yet known of the nature of the settlement.

It is of course satisfactory to think that, notwithstanding all the warlike preparations that were made, notwithstanding all the cannon, and the shells, and the rifles, and other engines of war that were sent out to Paraguay in the largest fleet ever dispatched from these shores, and notwithstanding the terrible menaces of the Paraguayans and their doughty chief, there is to be no blood-letting after all. Peace is always better, and a good deal cheaper, than war; and in no event could the United States gain much glory by going to war with Paraguay. On this head, then, let us rejoice at the news.

And let us trust and hope that the compact which Commissioner Bowlin has made with President Lopez will be faithfully observed on both sides. The antecedents of the Paraguayan dictator might justify some anxiety with regard to the fulfillment of his share of the bargain. Neither he nor his predecessor, Doctor Francia, were ever remarkable for truthfulness or good faith. On the contrary, it is due to history to state that both have been notorious for breaking their word and evading their agreements whenever any thing was to be gained by so doing. The records of the State Department furnish pretty full evidence of the habits of Lopez in this respect. If, therefore, Commissioner Bowlin departs on his way rejoicing without any better security for the honest fulfillment of the new undertakings of Lopez than the plighted faith of that potentate, it is possible that we may be disappointed, and that the country may be called upon to vote more millions for other expeditions to Paraguay.

The real difficulty throughout our relations with the Spanish American states has been the impossibility of relying on their good faith. We have with all these states most excellent treaties, which, if they were honestly carried out, would prevent the possibility of misunderstandings arising between us, and would render us "a band of brothers." The misfortune has been that no sooner have we concluded a bargain with any of these countries than it is instantly broken, and some trumpery or fraudulent excuse offered. It is thus that the United States have been so frequently and so absurdly cheated by Nicaragua, New Granada, Paraguay, Mexico, and the other southern republics.

The leading nations of Europe, when they exact reparation for injuries from smaller states and conclude treaties for the future, frequently insist upon obtaining material guarantees for the faithful fulfillment of the promises made to them. There seems to be an impression among our statesmen that it would be unconstitutional or irregular for the United States to exact material guarantees. On what clause of the Constitution or other general law this notion rests we are unable to say. Should Commissioner Bowlin's mission to Paraguay prove a failure through the faithlessness of Lopez, it may become important to inquire whether there really exists any valid objection to the coupling of a material guarantee with all future promises made to the United States by the Spanish American republics.

RAILWAY ADMINISTRATION AND RAILWAY PROSPECTS.

Ever since the 1st of March railway stocks have been on the decline in this market. The leading Western railway stocks, such as Galena, Rock Island, and Michigan Southern guaranteed, have fallen from three to ten per cent. Among the railway stocks nearer home, New York Central, which labors under serious disadvantage in being generally distrusted by the public, has declined from 79 to 75. At the Board of Brokers, from which genuine commission business has been long since banished, nine out of ten members are operating for the fall.

The ostensible ground for the decline which has already taken place, and for that which is anticipated, is the falling off in the receipts on the roads. The crop of 1857, though small as compared with that of 1856, was large as compared with that of 1858; and the consequence is that the roads have much less grain to carry this spring than they had at the same date last year. This spring, moreover, the poverty of the West operates to curtail the purchases of Western merchants even below the moderate figures of last year. Hence the roads are earning but little money, and New York speculators are calculating upon a still further decline in the securities which represent them.

Experience teaches that the law of compensation operates at the stock exchange as on the other marts of life and business. In ordinary times, the jobbers of the stock exchange live on the spoils of the public. But every now and then a spasm convulses the operations on 'Change. The public is suddenly seized with a desire to buy stocks. It invariably happens on these occasions that the jobbers are ready to sell, for future delivery, any and every stock at a reduction from the current price; and, with equal certainty, the jobbers are invariably beaten in the battle. The spoils they have taken months or years to amass are lost in a few days or weeks. This has been the history of the Stock Exchange in New York ever since its first establishment.

There is reason to believe that some such spasm may not now be far distant. For twelve months stocks have steadily declined. The decline has ranged—in the speculative stocks—from ten to thirty per cent. The profit has invariably been taken out of the pockets of the public and poured into the pockets of the jobbers of Wall Street. It seems likely that the scene is about to be reversed.

There never was a time at which the jobbers were under heavier contracts for future delivery. Taking the three leading Western stocks as an example, to wit: Galena, Rock Island, and Michigan Southern guaranteed, it is understood that the total number of shares in these Companies available for stock operations is only about 12,000, while the jobbers at this moment have contracted to deliver at prices below those current to-day at least 40,000 shares. In the event of an active demand springing up for shares, these deliveries could only be made at a heavy and perhaps a ruinous loss.

Nor is it unreasonable to suppose that such a demand may arise. The prospects of the crop are most flattering from New York to Minnesota; the verdict of farmers is, that the area sown in wheat is larger than usual, and the prospect more promising than ever before at this season. The West only needs a good crop to renew the activity of 1856. Nor is this all. The revulsion of 1857 compelled all the Western railways to adopt measures of economy. Needless expenditures have been curtailed; unnecessary employés have been discharged; the cost of working the railroads has been reduced within the narrowest possible limits. To take the Michigan Southern as an example, the working expenses have been reduced from seventy-five to about fifty-five per cent. of the receipts.

It is natural to suppose that these economies and the improved prospect of the West must tell in the end.

We therefore advise our friends who own railway stock not to part with it at present prices; but, on the contrary, if they have bought at high rates, and if they have money to spare, rather to average their interest at the present low rates than to sacrifice their property for the benefit of the Wall Street jobbers.

QUESTIONS FOR THE NEXT CONGRESS.

It is now pretty clear that the Democracy will be in a minority in the Congress which will meet in December next. In view of this fact, it is curious to speculate on the probable fate of some of the leading questions which that body will be called upon to determine.

The only new States which may be confidently expected to apply for admission are Colona and Utah. Colona, which is the name of the Pike's Peak gold region, may have population enough to demand admission as a State, if the present promise of the gold region be fulfilled; whether Congress would insist on its remaining a year in the Territorial condition is not certain. If admitted, it would probably give the Northern party two more votes in the Senate. Utah will demand admission as a State; this failing, as of course it must, the Mormons will then demand a realization of "popular sovereignty" in their Territory, namely, the right to elect Territorial officers in accordance with the views expressed by the leaders of the Northern party on the Kansas Question. That the petition will be denied is certain; but the embarrassment of some of the Northern advocates of squatter sovereignty will be severe.

It is possible that applications may be made for the organization of fresh Territories to be carved out of Texas, or other vacant land at the South. Arizona may demand admission as a State. The wealth of the South, and the increasing gains of the cotton growers, will naturally induce them to seek a counterpoise to the increase of the North. The first application for admission by a Southern Territory like Arizona would revive the slavery controversy in a worse shape than ever.

Had the Democracy possessed a majority of Congress, the endeavor to reopen the slave-trade would undoubtedly have been renewed. As it is, a test vote may be taken to see whether, as is commonly supposed, the advocates of that measure are on the increase.

From the evident temper of the country it is not probable that any further efforts will be made to interfere with Cuba or Nicaragua for the present. These questions will be left open for use at the next Presidential election. Nor is it likely that the tariff or the national finances can occupy much of the time of the new Congress. By the time it meets the country will be recovering so fast that no proposal to increase the customs duties will receive attention.

Comparing the prospect with that of former years, the coast is pretty clear for new questions.

THE LOUNGER.

A WORD WITH THE HON. YANKEE DOODLE.

"A Friend of Comfort" writes to the *Times* to know why railroad companies should not make distinctions in the comfort of travel corresponding to those of accommodation at hotels. Why should every body be compelled to travel like every body else, whether he wishes to or not, whether he would willingly pay twice the fare for greater comfort or not—why, in a word, should the value of money suddenly stop at the window of a ticket-office, and ten dollars buy no more pleasure and comfort in a day's journey to Boston than five dollars?

The moment before, in the same city, the ten dollars would purchase better lodging and fare than the five; and the same sum, directly the traveler reaches Boston, will have a similar power. But the moment it touches the rail it is paralyzed.

Nobody who has traveled on any European railway but has remarked the greater variety of accommodation, and the incessant recognition of the individual. An English railway carriage is delightful. The coupé in a German train is equally so. The proverb of travel, indeed, extremely current among travelers of limited means is, that princes, fools, and Americans travel first-class in Germany. Then princes, fools, and Americans are very sensible people. And why should not Americans do at home what they find so delightful abroad?

The old diligence in Europe offered the utmost choice in the most limited space. There was the coupé in front, with glass windows all round, so that the three travelers—it held no more—could see every thing and be entirely secure. Then the *interieur*, or coach part, immediately behind the coupé, with doors at the side, like an ordinary close carriage of four seats, and of lesser price. Behind this the *rotonde*, with a door at the back and seats at the sides, like an omnibus, catching all the dust, and of still smaller price. And last of all, over the coupé, in front, and on the top of the whole, the *banquette*—the top of the coach, as we should say of a stage-coach—with a chaise-top and leather apron, sometimes, but otherwise open to the weather, the price being least of all.

Here, in a vehicle carrying about sixteen passengers, there were four rates of fare.

The obvious objection to corresponding arrangements with us is, of course, that it tends to maintain those differences of rank that we do not recognize. "Go to thunder with your coupés, and your first-class and second-class!" says the Honorable Yankee Doodle in Tammany Hall. "We are all men, Sir—'A man's a man for a' that'—Mr. Chairman!" (Three cheers for the Hon. Yankee Doodle, and a groan for the *coupés*.)

Exactly so, Mr. Chairman; but a man is not a rich man for a' that; and since we have the Everett House, and Astor, and the houses in Cortlandt Street, and the taverns in Water Street, and every body is suited to his mind and his means—and since, fellow-citizens, we *do* have second-class trains and emigrant cars—and since, even in this free and enlightened country, and at the present point of the Millennium, dirt is dirt, and stench is stench—why shouldn't money buy as much comfort as it does of every other merchantable commodity?

Dirt is not democracy, and inconvenience and stupidity are not the rights of man; and since the special object of the Hon. Yankee Doodle, whether he spouts in Tammany or shins in Wall Street, is to make money, why should he be so anxious to deprive money of its value?

Upon the New York Central Railroad the spirit of improvement has recently introduced shelves upon which passengers may lay themselves at night "to sleep—perchance to"—lie awake, as the "Mount Vernon Papers" have so pathetically informed us. This is a beginning. Let it try the car of six seats next, like the English carriage, so that parties may have the advantage of steam and the pleasure of a private carriage—which is still permitted, we believe. The Honorable Yankee Doodle has not yet denounced the private carriage. Honest man! He speaks with admiration of the being who "drives his own carriage." "I thought him a gentleman because he kept a gig!"

In any case let the honorable gentleman state clearly that if it is undemocratic to have different prices and accommodations in journeying, so it is to have them every where else; and let him follow out that proposition at his leisure, and report at the next meeting.

Meanwhile the Lounger moves the first reading of the bill entitled An Act to secure the Worth of Money in Railway Traveling.

THE LITERARY PROFESSION.

P. D., Jun., writes to know something more about the literary profession, and justly thinks that it is a subject upon the discussion of which the Lounger should never close his columns. Granting, he says, that without genius no writer can ever reach the loftiest position, but claiming that every young man of average ability "can by proper exertions succeed in any thing he chooses," he asks, "what is the writer's preparation?"

Of course a question so broadly asked, contemplates the writer not as an author in any particular department of science or art, but in general literature, in what is called the *belles lettres*. Now let us ask P. D., Jun., a question in turn. What should be the preparation of a man who proposes to write upon botany—upon comparative anatomy—upon the age of Elizabeth—upon the school of Raphael or the Greek sculpture? His answer to that question involves the reply to his own.

That is to say, if a young man of fair literary ability, "with a great taste and inclination for and willingness to make the greatest exertions to pursue the profession of Authorship," resolves to devote himself to it, he evidently means to choose general literature; to write essays, sketches, tales, novels, criticisms, and perhaps to concentrate himself at length upon some history, or serious and solid work.

His preparation, therefore, must be the study of general literature, and his scholarship will depend for its accuracy, profundity, and extent upon circumstances of health, time, pecuniary means, and temperament. In the Greek and Latin tongues, and in the leading modern languages, there is a certain classical pure literature apart from the scientific. With that literature such an aspirant must make himself somewhat familiar. At the same time a natural curiosity, and perhaps a peculiar tendency, will lead him to some knowledge of the chief sciences.

But this cultivation is but oiling his limbs. Without the muscle all the oil, and the desire, and the resolution will not enable him to wrestle. With the muscle it sometimes adorns, sometimes impedes his action.

There is no recipe for rainbows, and who wants to make only a cloud? Sir E. B. Lytton—dear, delightful Bulwer!—with his superb foppery of philosophy, in his brilliant "Pelham" describes the preparation for writing a novel. "All mankind," he says, "is the field the novelist should cultivate—all truth the moral he should strive to bring home. . . . . For me, if I were to write a novel, I would first make myself an acute, active, and vigilant observer of men and manners. Secondly, I would, after having thus noted effects by action in the world, trace the causes by books and meditation in my closet. It is then, and not till then, that I would study the lighter graces."

That is to say, the novelist must know men and books thoroughly. But ought not the historian to do the same to write history properly? Is there any possible knowledge that would not, directly or remotely, be of great service to any man writing upon any subject? In this passage the beautiful Bulwer leads us gently by the still waters of platitude, as usual.

The practical difficulties of the literary career at this time and in this country have been already considered by the Lounger in No. 103 of the second volume of the *Weekly*. If any young man disbelieves what is said there let him make the trial, and, while he makes it, take with him the Lounger's heartiest sympathy and warmest wishes for success. The sailor knows about the tropic heats, the polar cold, the equatorial storms, and the long death of Pacific calms. He knows also the soft scudding with stu'n-s'ls set before the balmy Trades. When the landsman hails him, shall that sailor swear that it is all soft scudding with stu'n-s'ls set?

If he does, you have but to read the words aloud to hear that he answers like a goose.

THE YORICK OF "COLUMBIA."

THE exquisite humor of pulling a chair from under some one who is seating himself, so that he falls on the floor and breaks his arm or jars his nerves; the drollery of leaving stuffed figures against doors at night to fall upon the maids who open them, and scare them into fainting fits or worse; pouring pails of water out of windows upon persons passing in the street, etc., are performances of which the humor is only equaled by the sparkling wit of knocking a man on the head with a club, picking his pocket, or cutting his leg with a knife. What capital jokes these things are! What fun it is! What raciness of invention these jokes show in the performers! What frolic humor!

But the best witticism of this year, and one which adds another very green leaf to the bays that bloom upon the ever-youthful brows of our cherished "Columbia," was the announcement published on the morning of Saturday, April 2, of the death of Professor Drisler, of Columbia College. How his friends out of the city must have relished the joke! How his family, in all its branches, must have enjoyed the exhilarating humor of the thing! They knew nothing of it, of course. They open their morning paper, and stumble upon the notice in the sad record of grief, which is implied in the obituary department! How they laugh! What a vision of hilarity and innocent mirth rises upon the mind!

If we could only know the author of this excellent comedy, it would give us great pleasure to introduce him to our readers. He is a fellow of infinite jest. But what a pity it is that whoever is guilty of a "practical joke" which brings the most shocking pain upon innocent and helpless people is either a fool or a knave!

THE APOSTLE OF HUMBUG.

THE path of Barnum in Britain is not altogether strewn with roses, notwithstanding the stories of his successes at St. James's Hall. The "Apostle of Humbug" went to Bristol to lecture upon his favorite art. The Bristolians went to hear and to pay. That was all delightful to the Apostle. Payees always find the process of payment endurable. But the Bristol *Advertiser* fires at the Apostle like a watchman springing his rattle at a thief, and thus says of him, in very vigorous rhetoric, what a good many people thought who have never heard his lecture but have read his book:

> "The man who baptizes lies, excuses frauds, and boasts of cunning—who insults common sense while he trades upon curiosity—who thrives by ingenuity without scruple, and audacity without shame—who mocks simplicity as dishonor, and honesty as silliness—who assumes a germ of rascality to exist in every human breast, and an element of folly to attach to every human mind—whose gospel consists in the philosophy of 'doing' and avoiding being 'done'—whose profits are increased by the confession of his tricks, and whose doctrines are themselves only new tricks to augment his profits—this being has been among us—has publicly exhibited himself like one of his own monsters—has made his body, his mind, his soul, his hardened conscience, and his ignominious life the various commodities in a market where every purchaser must either be a fool to be so swindled, or a rogue ambitious to excel in the art of swindling."

This is a strong statement, and yet what is the Apostle of Humbug but an illustration of the necessary result of a mercantile principle which may be summed up in the formula "The deuce take the hindmost?" The processes of stock-gambling are not an iota superior in morality or respectability to the gulling of the public by Barnum, and they are not half so innocent.

The Lounger has said it before, and he will very probably say it several times more. In the case of the Apostle, whose career is so unpleasantly conspicuous, there is a difference of degree in what we may, if we are nervous, call gulling, but if we are in good health we might as well brand directly as swindling, cheating, et cetera, a difference in degree but not in kind from that of the merchant who sells a case of goods as the last in the market, when there are fifty more up stairs, or in fact commits any other of the innumerable dodges of trade which are called "sharp," "clever," "darned shrewd," et cetera.

Success is a pleasant kind of tinsel! It covers up so much rubbish with such a pretty gauzy hue and texture through which we all play so hard that we can not see, just as we admire the sofa on which we are sitting, as a sofa, without alluding to our consciousness that it is an economical bed; or, as when a man is dining with a friend and hears the children in the next room relating how mamma said she wished that stupid Mr. Higginbottom wouldn't be always coming to dinner, he pretends not to hear, but talks cheerfully of the pleasant spring weather and the shocking Sickles business.

If the Apostle of Humbug, having invested a comfortable million, had settled quietly somewhere, and kept his name out of the papers, ten years hence wouldn't it have been a little impolite to allude to woolly horses, and mermaids, and India rubber negresses? Suppose he had purchased a place in Bristol, England, and held his tongue, he would have been quite the same man, his income would be based upon acquisitions made in the doubtful manner, but would the Bristol *Advertiser* have felt called upon to denominate him "this foul brained apostate from humanity?"

Was it not said of old time, "It is good to have a scape-goat?"

"THE CULPRIT FAY."

THE recent republication of this charming poem of Drake's by Messrs. Rudd & Carleton has given occasion to some correspondence in the papers.

The poem was announced as illustrated by Mr. Ehninger, and with the fresh recollection of his exquisite drawings of the Miles Standish, of which the Lounger spoke warmly at the time of their issue, but none too warmly, the dainty typography for which the publishers are noted, and the airy grace of the themes to be illustrated, promised a rare book.

It came, and was a very pretty book, with a small vignette design of a quasi-Cupid urging a boat—which was the sum of the illustrations! The artist immediately put himself right with the public, by disclaiming any knowledge of an intention to represent him as *illustrating* the poem.

Here it was probable the matter would end; and whoever purchased the book, although he would not get an illustrated edition, would get a delicately tinted, printed, and bound copy of the pretty poem.

But directly upon Mr. Ehninger's letter came another from Mr. Joseph Rodman Drake DeKay, announcing that the edition was published without the authority of the family of the late Dr. Drake, and that "the sale is peremptorily stopped." He added: "It was the desire of the author that his poems should not be published; and to prevent it, a few copies of this and others were printed some years since for private circulation, and a copyright registered. It is doubtless in ignorance of these facts that these gentlemen now issue it. Several other editions of 'The Culprit Fay' have appeared at various times, which have, as in this case, been immediately suppressed."

This would seem to be final, nor has any one the right to dispute the assertion as to the desire of Dr. Drake. But it is distinctly stated in Duyckinck's Cyclopedia of American Literature that "a fastidious selection, including 'The Culprit Fay,' was made from Drake's poems and published in 1836 ('35?) by the poet's only child, his daughter. * *"

That work is certainly a publication. It lies before the Lounger as he writes, and the dedication is, "To her father's friend, Fitz-Greene Halleck, these poems are respectfully inscribed by the author's daughter;" and on the title-page, "New York, George Dearborn, Publisher, 1835." Was this book ever suppressed?

And if it were, what a pity! The Cyclopedia, quoting some notes of Mr. James Lawson upon Drake, says indeed that when copies of all his poems that could be collected were brought to Drake upon his death-bed, he said, "Burn them; they are valueless."

But should a manly modesty at such a moment be interpreted as a prohibition of the publication of such poems? Drake himself had published in the *Evening Post* as one of the *Croaker & Co.* The "American Flag" was among his contributions under that name. And now that the world has passed upon "The Culprit Fay;" now that it is almost unique in literature as a creation of the pure fancy, unassisted by the usual atmosphere or accessories of romance; now that his ode to our flag is familiar to all American hearts as the noblest ode ever written to any flag; now that his name is enshrined in our literary Pantheon, and his works in many forms are a pride and pleasure, ought there to be any more suppression? Are not the memory of such a man, his works and his fame in their degree, the property of his nation and mankind?

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

THE box is so full that the Lounger would gladly show it to his many friends, that they might the more easily understand why their communications, which they intend to have printed in full, receive so brief a word of acknowledgment. Let them remember that they are all read by the Lounger—so they have their revenge, after all!

—NELLIE FAY, Camden, New Jersey, will be glad to learn that C. H. Webb *is* a person, and not a name merely. Nellie thinks that he is a poet, too.

—JAKE, Chapel Hill, North Carolina, who writes of the family perplexity, might refer the case of the cows and bulls to some neighboring d—nk—y. Or does he suppose the Lounger to be a kind of Vicar of Bray? If he be serious let him write again.

—The Lounger adds the last word to the previous answer because J. H., of Natchez, Mississippi, feels aggrieved by his answer to the question of the presidency of the Panama Railroad. The Lounger suggested that to ask him such a question was like inquiring for a royal Bengal tiger at a toy-shop. He had no idea that his correspondent asked him seriously.

—C. H. W., Podunk, criticises the statue of Eve by Bartholomew, of which a print was published in the *Weekly* of March 19. He says that she seems rather to have eaten a poppy-bud than an apple; and that, in fact, the fruit lies at her feet "unnibbled." The other point of his criticism is the negligence of the very simple drapery of the figure. But if C. H. W. will look upon it as a figure of Eve dreaming of the Paradise she has—"it was so sweet and fair!"—he will be reconciled to her face. And for the apple, let him remember that the one he sees may not be the fatal apple, but one that has fallen from the same tree; and if it be the same apple, then the leaf hides the bite. The drapery seems to the Lounger eminently proper, for the very reason that it is *not* precise.

—CHAPEL HILL wishes to know of the arithmometer, a calculating machine mentioned some time since in the *Independance Belge*, which is there stated to be in use in the house of the Rothschilds, and for which the writer prophesies as general a use as for letter-presses. Who will tell something more about it?

—SARAH JANE's lines to the author of "Mary Ann" are respectfully declined.

—A WOULD-BE FENCER, Washington City, desires illustrated directions for fencing in the *Weekly*. But does he think they would be of interest to "the thousands" who do not care about the agile art? The Lounger will answer his other question next week.

—A. PRY COT, Philadelphia, sends a very pleasant letter describing the flowering of an apricot-tree in the yard behind a house in the lower part of Walnut Street, in Philadelphia, and of a swarm of busy bees that settled upon it as he looked. "A bunch of heart's-ease growing up beside a curbstone in Wall Street" would not have surprised him more.

Where could the bees have come from? Clearly from the nearest hives—from West Philadelphia, with acres of brick and mortar and the Schuylkill River between.

—JOHN HAWKINS, Louisville, Kentucky, answers Karmel the Scout, who wishes to know the place "where hoops are worn no more," by saying that in Trigg County, Southern Kentucky, "he can see three ladies walk a 'terbakker-row'"—which is about three feet in breadth.

—TOMMY TITTY-MOUSE reminds the Lounger that Dickens did not originate spontaneous combustion as a means of disposing of his characters, but that Captain Marryatt had applied the same process to the father of Jacob Faithful.

—EMILIE asks the author of the lines—

> "It is a bitter task to count
> Each hour by throbs of pain."

—G. S., New York, writes tolerable verses, if "Now Comes the Beauteous Spring" is a specimen. But he knows, as we all do, that tolerable verses are intolerable.

—"A Man's Answer to 'A Woman's Poem,'" in the February number of *Harper's Magazine*, is good, but too long.

—D. W., Covington, Kentucky. "My Enchanted Home" is pretty; but it is hardly poetry. Is it?

—M. S. B. D. S., Early Grove, Mississippi, who agrees with the Lounger's view of the Washington tragedy, is heartily thanked for his generous note. But it would not be fair for the Lounger to reprint his own words at such length.

—B. E., Canajoharie, wishes to know the name of the author of "The Vestiges of Creation." It is still a vexed question, notwithstanding it is authoritatively settled every year or two. The authorship was given with great confidence for a long time, but as it proved erroneously, to Mr. Chambers. Sir Richard Vivyan's claim is not yet disproved, we believe.

—BESSIE BEE, Dunleith, Illinois, declares, in four pages, that if "they" could only be "seen as they are"—by which the Lounger understands the inhabitants of that town—"you would be lost in admiration," That is not an opinion peculiar to Dunleith, Illinois. The city of New York is of the same mind.

—S. L.'s poem of "Ladies and Biddies" has some good lines, but is much too unequal for publication. Let him not be hurt by the brevity of this note, but try again—and put the length into strength.

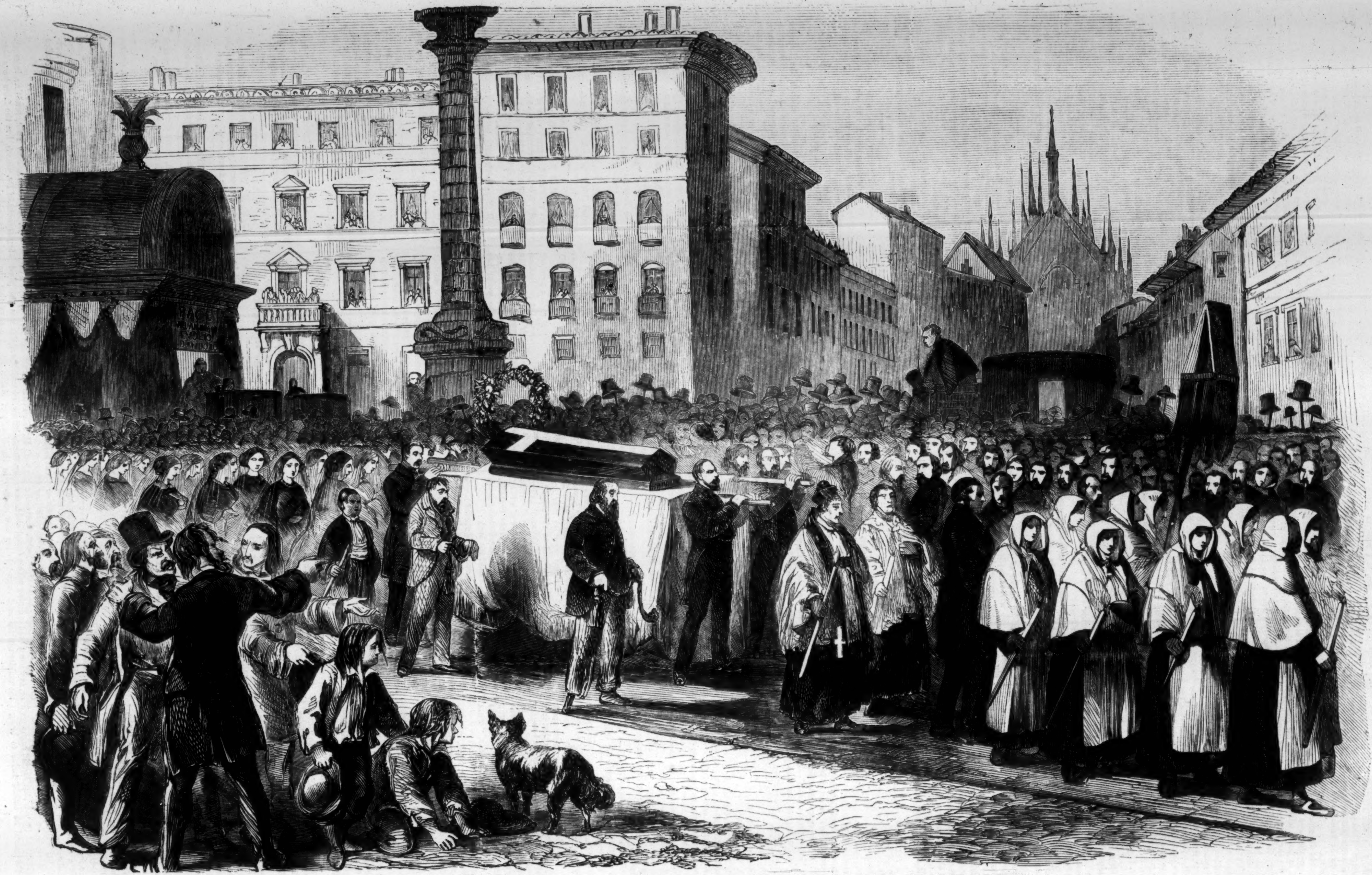
—J. G. M., Wilkinsburg, Pennsylvania, sends "a voluntary contribution to the Literature of the Age," which the Lounger respectfully declines.

—A. F., Cincinnati, sends a song called "Forget and Forgive." The Lounger will try to do both.

—B., Wilmington, North Carolina, will see that it is better to make no unnecessary enemies. A rule worth remembering.

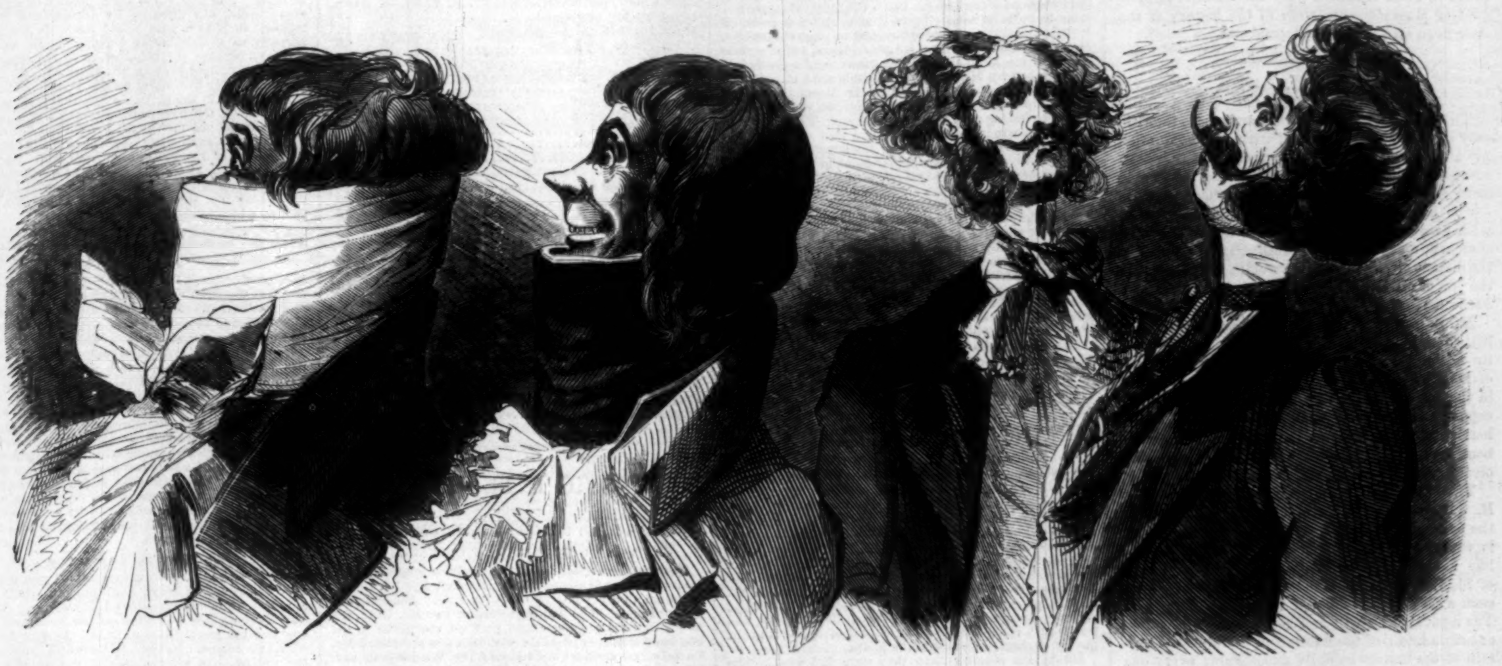
—YOUNG DEBATER, Hannibal, Missouri, desires a list of questions for Lyceum Debate. But surely the wit of a society in the Mississippi valley which is able to discuss questions is able to invent them? Find them in current history all the time. Thus: Is Louis Napoleon an able, or only a lucky, man? Was the *coup* of the second December morrally justifiable? Ought our national Post-office department to be self-supporting?

—D. M., Elmira, New York, sends an interesting account of Dr. Garth, but the facts have been already published by the Lounger.



THE FUNERAL OF EMILIO DANDOLO AT MILAN, ITALY.

VICISSITUDES OF THE CRAVAT.



THE FAST MAN'S NECKERCHIEF IN 1800.

THE FAST MAN'S NECK-TIE IN 1859.

THE FUNERAL OF EMILIO DANDOLO, AT MILAN.

THE engraving on opposite page will not only be interesting to Americans as a faithful portraiture of a funeral procession in Italy; it will claim their attention as an important landmark in history. The person whose corpse was borne to the grave in the procession depicted on the preceding page was one of Italy's foremost patriots. Though only twenty-nine years of age, Emilio Dandolo had already attracted general attention among his countrymen.

The son and heir of one of the richest and greatest nobles of Milan, Count Dandolo, Emilio had, at an age when but few youths have any serious aims, obtained a commission in the Piedmontese *Bersaglieri*, and had served gallantly during the campaigns of Charles Albert. Returning home at the close of the war, he had closely identified himself with the party known as "Young Italy," whose platform is the sentence of the immortal Marin—"We do not desire reforms in the Austrian administration in Italy; we want to get rid of Austrians altogether." Emilio Dandolo, whose rank, address, and military service rendered him eminently conspicuous, was soon acknowledged as a leader of his party. It was the hope and belief of the people of the Milanese that, when the day came to strike a final blow for Italy and against the foreigner, their young noble would then be found in the front of the fight. And when that fight had been won, and Italy had been declared independent, they believed and hoped that their young champion would again be found foremost among those who contended against French intrigue and domestic cabal for the sake of establishing a safe and united Italian government.

So, when death bereft Italy of Emilio Dandolo, there was weeping and mourning throughout Milan.

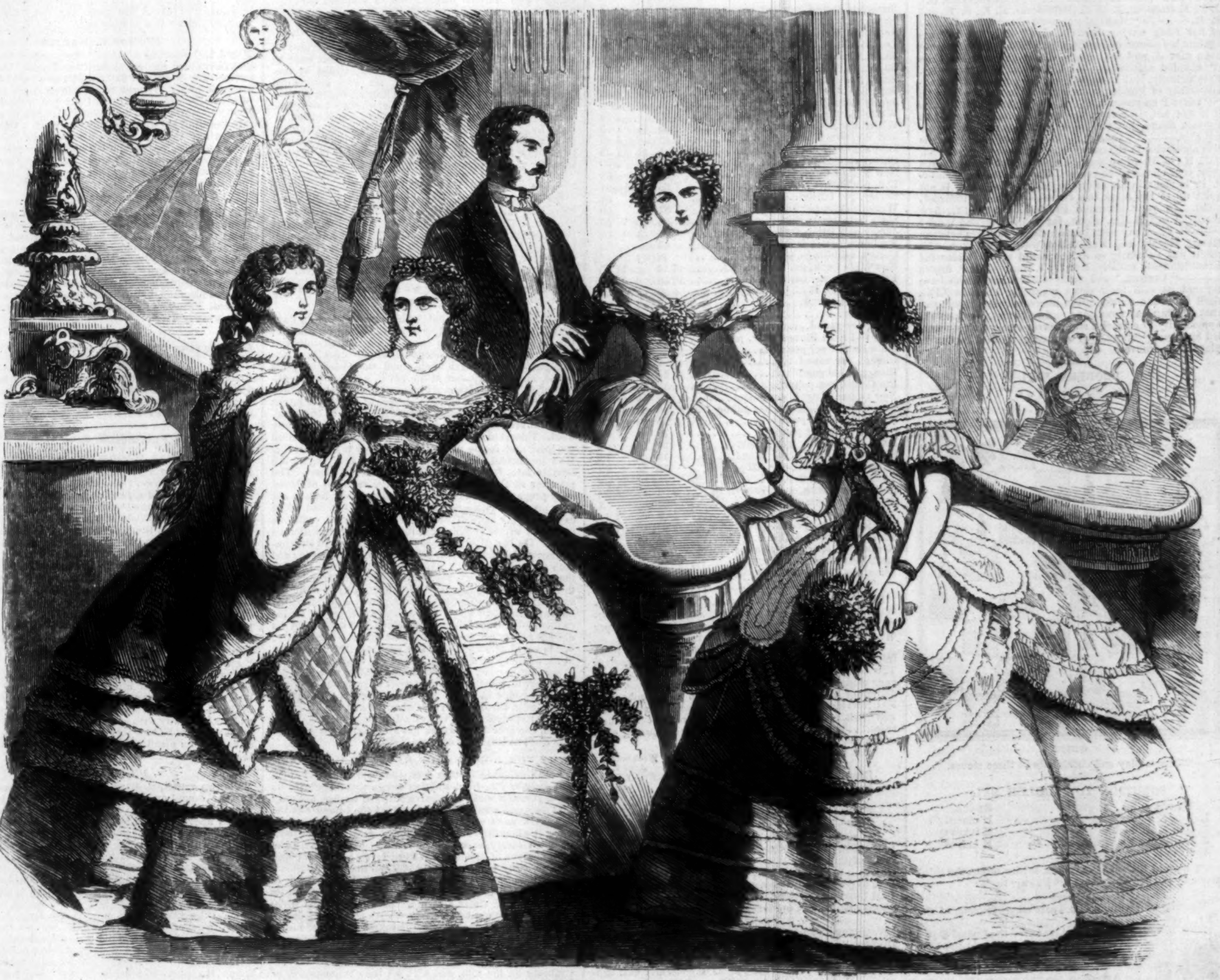
It was on Washington's birthday they buried him. The Austrians tried to prevent the funeral. They would have thrust the corpse into any ditch. But the popular feeling was so explosive, the rank of the family so eminent, that the foreign despots were fain to swallow their desires, and Emilio Dandolo was publicly buried. The chief mourners were all young men, friends of the deceased; men, for the most part, who had borne arms during the brief and unsuccessful struggle for Italian independence in 1848. They bore the corpse into the church, and there were met by Austrian officers, who, after the priests had performed their office, forbade the carrying of the body to the cemetery, adding that a youth of such rank should not be interred with the populace.

The father, the aged Count Dandolo, a stern, iron-gray noble, replied:

"I am satisfied that my son shall rest with his people in the common cemetery."

And the cortége moved on, the people declaring that, as the Austrians had prevented the digging of a grave, they would dig one with their knives and their nails. When the procession, led by friars and nuns, and accompanied by ten or twelve thousand people, passed the Lion of the Porta Orientale, some headstrong youths rushed forward and strewed the bier with white and red camelias, which, with the leaves, constituted a tri-color—red, white, and green. Shouts of "Italy forever!" "Long live Independence!" accompanied the corpse to its last abode; and the orators of the day, warming at the sight, delivered speeches which, at any other time, would have secured them a perpetual lodging in an Austrian dungeon.

Needless to remark that, as soon as the throng dispersed, the Austrian spies designated, and the Austrian police seized, the leaders in the ceremony, who were forthwith incarcerated. The intelligence of the fact aroused great excitement among the Italians, but strong patrols of horse kept them down. Should war break out, however, the funeral of Emilio Dandolo will be remem-



PARIS FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

bered by the Italians as one of the precursors of the struggle—as momentous to them as the disputes of John Hancock with the colonial authorities of Massachusetts were in the history of the American struggle for Independence.

LITERARY.

The Methodist is a novel, strange as the title may seem, and a good novel, with an introduction by a worthy and trustworthy clergyman. The scenes and characters are found among that noble army of men—we had almost called them martyrs—who have made the wilds of America resound with prayers and praise. These scenes are well sketched, and the lives of Methodist clergymen in the distant circuits furnish a wealth of romance for the pen of Miriam Fletcher, the author. (Derby & Jackson.)

More about Jesus is the pleasant title of a little gem in the line of children's books published by Harper & Brothers, by the author of "Peep of Day," etc. It contains many of the incidents in the life of Christ, told in simple words for the capacity of the very young, illustrated by excellent cuts, and altogether making the best extant book for a mother or a teacher to use in impressing on the mind of a child the story of Jesus.

The Life of North American Insects, by B. Jaeger, is a timely and excellent work from the press of Harper & Brothers. Professor Jaeger is thoroughly acquainted with his subject. He has made it his specialty during a large part of his life. No one is better fitted, therefore, for such a task, and no one could better accomplish it. The agriculturist will find here much that he never before knew of the habits and usefulness of certain of the insects he daily encounters; every one will find a fund of information, a world of wonders in insect life, made manifest by the researches of our author.

The Romance and its Hero (Harper & Brothers) is a novel of rather uncommon delicacy and finish. The dreams of a dreamer which are realized, yet, like all the dreams of life, not realized as hoped, form the web of the story. A more quiet, delightful companion for an evening's reading than this story can hardly be imagined. It contrasts, in this respect, so decidedly with many of the popular novels of the day, and, indeed, with the popular style of novel, that it is the more refreshing on this account.

CHESS CHRONICLE.

BY C. H. STANLEY.

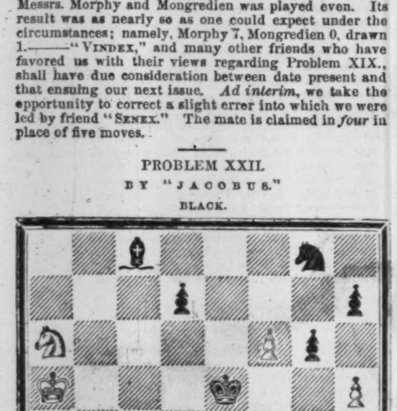
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. W. H. (Cold Spring). On reconsideration you will find that Problem XX. can not be solved your way. This also to W. B., Jun. (Passaic), F. L., and G. B. ——Solutions to Problem XX. are to hand as follows: from "**Jed**" (Danbury, Conn.), L. W. H. (Kingsville, O.), J. F. T. (Boston), J. R. J. (Baltimore), K. R., S. T., and R. M.——To "**Maria**" we would observe that the fact of her King having been in check does not militate against his power of castling, provided that he has not been moved, and that he be not in check at the time of intended castling.——"**Bellaire**" (Philadelphia). Emphatically, No! in answer to your query as to the admissibility of Problems wherein the first move may be "P takes P *en passant.*" Could you shoot a bird *flying* if it had not risen from the earth? The position sent appears sound, but two-move Problems are rarely acceptable.——"**Jacobus.**" The reason just stated is also applicable to the contribution of your young friend, C. E. H., of whom we shall be glad to hear further. We print your clever three-move stratagem this week.——S. P. is right in his solutions, but his inclosure is not quite up to the mark this time.——Dr. R. (Philadelphia). In your six-move Problem, No. LXIX., how about Kt to Q 5 disc. check, for White's second move?——C. F. The match just concluded in Paris between Messrs. Morphy and Mongredien was played even. Its result was as nearly so as one could expect under the circumstances; namely, Morphy 7, Mongredien 0, drawn 1.——"**Vindex,**" and many other friends who have favored us with their views regarding Problem XIX., shall have due consideration between date present and that ensuing our next issue. *Ad interim*, we take the opportunity to correct a slight error into which we were led by friend "**Senex.**" The mate is claimed in *four* in place of five moves.

PROBLEM XXII.

BY "JACOBUS."

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and checkmate in three moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM XXI.

White.	Black.
1. B to K 8 (disc ch)	K moves (*)
2. Q to K Kt 6 (ch)	K takes Q
3. P becomes Kt (double ch)	K moves
4. Kt to K 6 checkmate	

(*) Should Bishop take Queen, White mates the third move by at once *Knighting* his Pawn, etc.

Morphy in Paris.—The Paris correspondent of the New York *Times* says:

"Mr. Morphy, who does not leave for the United States for some weeks yet, continues to play chess at the Café de la Régence and in society against all comers, and invariably with the same remarkable success. People do not play with the American champion now with the expectation of beating him, but for the honor of being able to say in after time that they have played *with* him; because his reputation already surpasses that of Philidor or Labourdonnais in the time in which they lived. Lately the President of the London Chess Club, Mr. Mongredien, came to Paris to satisfy himself as to the real merit of Morphy's playing, and as to the rank he ought to occupy. Mr. Mongredien and Mr. Morphy played eight games, one of which, the first one, was drawn, while the others were gained by Mr. Morphy. In this trial of skill two facts were remarked in regard to Mr. Morphy's playing which are almost universally remarked in his games when contesting with a first-rate player. These are that he seldom wins the first game, and that up to say the twentieth move he rarely shows any superiority over his competitor. It is only after that point in the game that he commences those extraordinary and unlooked-for moves which astonish the audience and crush his antagonist beyond hope of recovery.

"Mr. Morphy is now engaged at the Café de la Régence in a most singular game of chess with a party of amateurs numbering one hundred. These hundred persons have subscribed to give Mr. Morphy a public dinner before his departure, but before that event comes off they are playing a game thus: The hundred are divided into five sections of twenty each, who are to play among themselves until one of the twenty is acknowledged the victor of the others. When each of the categories shall have thus selected one of their number as their champion, the five champions are to play against Morphy at odds graduated to the respective strength of each category."

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

Franklin Square, *Saturday, April* 9, 1859.

The business of the port has been moderate throughout the week, though cotton continues very speculative, and the imports of Dry Goods are unusually large. Most of the Southern buyers are supplied. Western buyers are taking more goods than was expected.

Money continues to rule at 4 @ 5 for call loans, the brokers being amply supplied at the lower figure. In the discount market 5 is the lowest regular quotation for first-class short acceptances; for good endorsed six months' paper the rate is 6 @ 7. Exchange on Europe is very strong; we quote sterling at 109¾ @ 110, and francs at 5.11¼ @ 5.13¾. The export of specie is about the old average, previous to the panic.

Stocks are steadier than they were last week. The low prices have attracted some purchasers from outside, and the efforts of the bears to hammer down the market have not been as successful as heretofore. Stocks of all kinds are very scarce, and, with the revival of the country, are likely to be scarcer still.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

New York, *Saturday, April* 9, 1859.

The Wholesale Produce Markets have been quite heavy for Breadstuffs, and prices have generally declined. The demand has been limited. Home dealers have been the principal buyers....Cotton has been less active; prices, however, have not varied much....A fair business has been transacted in Provisions, but at irregular prices....Coffee and Molasses have attracted more attention, while Sugars, Teas, Spices, Rice, Hay, Hops, Seeds, Tobacco, Naval Stores, and Wool have been less sought after....Hides have been more freely offered at easier prices, yet have been very moderately dealt in....Sole Leather has been in fair request at full rates....The movements in Dry Goods have been restricted. Stocks and prices, however, have not varied remarkably. The value of the week's imports of Dry Goods has been $3,461,986 against $1,164,412 the same week last year. The imports since January 1 have been $35,116,765 against $15,107,553 same time last year. The movements in other commodities have not been productive of any remarkable changes....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Superfine State Flour, per barrel	$5 00	@	$5 40
Extra State Flour	5 80	@	6 40
Superfine Western, per barrel	5 00	@	5 50
Low to Choice Extra Ohio	6 40	@	7 50
Extra Missouri,	7 00	@	9 00
Superfine Southern, per barrel	5 90	@	6 50
Extra Southern	6 75	@	8 25
Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl.	3 90	@	4 45
Jersey Corn Meal, per barrel	3 90	@	4 00
White Michigan Wheat, per bushel	1 50	@	1 70
White Southern Wheat	1 45	@	1 75
Red Western Wheat, per bushel	1 40	@	1 46
Milwaukee Club	1 05	@	1 35
Chicago Spring	90	@	1 05
New Yellow Corn, per bushel	82	@	88
Rye, per bushel	86	@	91
Barley, per bushel	60	@	81
Western Oats, per bushel	57	@	59
State Oats, per bushel	54	@	56
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel	50	@	54
Southern Oats, per bushel	49	@	53
Cotton, middlings, per pound	12¼	@	12¼
New Mess Pork, per barrel	17 70	@	17 75
Prime Pork, per barrel	12 50	@	12 62½
Country Mess Beef, per barrel	8 00	@	9 25
Hams, per pound	8	@	9¼
Shoulders	6¼	@	6¼
Lard, per pound	11	@	11¼
Fair to Prime State Butter, per pound	17	@	25
Ohio Butter, per pound	9	@	15
Cheese, per pound	7	@	10
Rice, per 100 pounds	3 50	@	4 75
Rio Coffee, per pound	10¼	@	12¼
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	6	@	8
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	40	@	—
Hyson Teas, per pound	25	@	60
Oolong Teas, per pound	30	@	65
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	25¼	@	—
Hops, Crop of 1858, per pound	10	@	18
Hay, Shipping lots, per 100 pounds	55	@	65
Tallow, per pound	10¼	@	—
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds	3 93	@	4 00
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	52½	@	53
Tar, per barrel	2 25	@	2 62½
Common Rosin, per 310 pounds	1 62½	@	1 65
Linseed Oil, per gallon	64	@	65
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound	5¼	@	13
Seed Leaf Tobacco	6	@	25
American Fleece Wool, per pound	42½	@	65
" Pulled Wool	34	@	55

Freights were somewhat brisker. For Liverpool—Cotton, 3-16d. @ 7-32d. per pound; Rosin, 1s. 10d. per barrel; Beef, 3s. per tierce; Heavy Goods 15s. @ 20s. per ton. For other ports proportionate rates.

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were more freely supplied with Beeves, yet prices were supported. The demand was fair....Milch Cows were plenty and very moderately inquired for....Veal Calves were quite abundant and were cheaper....Sheep and Lambs were less freely offered and prices advanced. The inquiry was brisk....Swine were in moderate request at former rates....The receipts at the City Markets during each of the last two weeks compare thus:

	Week ending *March* 30.	Week ending *April* 7.
Beeves	2,525	3,367
Milch Cows	237	244
Veal Calves	854	1,179
Sheep and Lambs	4,810	3,786
Swine	5,134	6,426

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Ordinary to Prime Beeves, per pound	$ 9¼	@	$ 12
Fair to good Milch Cows, per head	30 00	@	45 00
Veal Calves, per pound	5	@	7
Sheep and Lambs, per head	3 50	@	8 50
" " per pound	7	@	10
Live Swine, per pound	5¼	@	6¼
Dressed " "	7¼	@	8¼
Roasting Pigs, each	1 00	@	2 00

The Country Produce Markets are generally well supplied. Quotations are esssentially unchanged, save for Poultry and Game, which, being scarce, are advancing.

Wholesale Prices obtained by Producers at Washington Market.

Apples, new, per barrel	$2 50	@	$4 50
Dried Apples, per pound	8	@	9¼
Dried Peaches, peeled, per pound	12	@	16
Dried Plums, per pound	22	@	25
Potatoes, per barrel	1 12	@	2 25
Potatoes, sweet, per barrel	4 00	@	4 50
Onions, per barrel	2 50	@	4 00
Turnips, per barrel	56	@	75
Parsnips, per barrel	62½	@	87
Beets, per barrel	75	@	87
Carrots, per barrel	75	@	87
Cabbage, per 100	3 00	@	7 00
Cranberries, Eastern, per barrel	10 00	@	15 00
Garlic, per 100 bunches	4 50	@	5 00
Green Peas, per barrel	6 00	@	7 00
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	13½	@	15
Chickens, per pound	13	@	15
Fowls, per pound	12	@	15
Geese, per pound	10	@	13
Turkeys, per pound	14	@	16
Ducks, per pound	17	@	20
" black, per pair	50	@	75
" widgeon, per pair	50	@	62½
" canvas back, per pair	1 00	@	1 50
" gray, per pair	50	@	62½
" redheads, per pair	75	@	1 00
Pigeons, per dozen	1 87	@	2 25
Wild Pigeons	2 00	@	2 50
Partridge, per pair	75	@	87
English Snipe, per pair	40	@	50

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE TRIAL OF DANIEL E. SICKLES.

THE COURT AND THE COUNSEL.

This famous trial, which has been so long expected, commenced at Washington on Monday, April 4, in the Criminal Court-room, in the City Hall. Judge Crawford presided. The public prosecutor was Mr. Ould, the new District Attorney, whose portrait was given in the last number of this journal; with him was associated Mr. Carlisle, an eminent member of the Washington bar. The prisoner was defended by Messrs. Brady and Graham, of New York; Stanton, Chilton, and Ratcliffe, of Washington; and several others, among whom was Mr. Thomas F. Meagher.

FIRST DAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

At 10.15 A.M., on Monday, 4th April, Judge Crawford opened the Court, and called case No. 124, being that of Mr. Sickles. The prisoner was brought in and the indictment, which was for murder, in the usual form, read to him. On being asked, "Are you guilty or not guilty?" he answered in a clear voice,

"Not guilty."

The task of procuring a jury was then commenced. Thirty jurors answered to their names. Of these seventeen had formed an opinion and were set aside as incompetent: four were challenged by the defense, four were set aside under an old statute which requires a juryman to be worth $800, and five were sworn. The counsel for the prisoner vainly endeavored to obtain leave for the prisoner to sit beside his counsel: the Judge decided that he must remain in the dock.

SECOND DAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

On Tuesday, 5th, Judge Crawford took his seat on the bench at 10.20 A.M. The prisoner being brought in, the clerk proceeded to call the names of seventy-five talesmen who had been summoned. Of these sixty-nine had formed opinions, and were disqualified; one was under age; one was a member of the bar, and pleaded his privilege; one was challenged by the defense; and three were sworn, making the total number of jurymen sworn eight. The Marshal was ordered to summon seventy-five more talesmen for the following day.

THIRD DAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

On Wednesday, 6th, Judge Crawford took his seat on the bench at 10.15 A.M. Seventy-six talesmen were in attendance; of whom fifty-two were disqualified by reason of having formed opinions; six were challenged peremptorily by the defense; and four were sworn, making the panel complete. A long discussion took place between the counsel as to the property qualification of eight hundred dollars required by the District Attorney. It was sustained by the Court. The jury were allowed to separate for the night, and were ordered to be in readiness for the following day.

FOURTH DAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

On Thursday, 7th, the court was opened at the usual hour, and the jury were present, and took their seats in the box. The indictment was read, and the case was then opened by Attorney-General Ould, who, in a masterly but brief speech, detailed the principles of the law of murder, and brought them to bear on the case before the court. We give a few extracts from this speech.

DISTRICT-ATTORNEY OULD'S DESCRIPTION OF THE TRAGEDY.

"In the soft gush of that Sabbath sunlight, at an hour between the morning and evening Christian sacrifice, at the time almost when the sound of the church-bells was lingering in the air, the deceased, all unconscious of the tremendous woe which then stood suspended over his house, met the prisoner at the bar in a public thoroughfare of this city. He must have seen, from the attitude and movements, and other evidences of deliberate intent which rounded into completeness the scene of the hour, that the prisoner at the bar contemplated some bloody deed. Unarmed and defenseless as deceased was, he used the poor and feeble means in his power to save his life. How ineffectual they were, even in the delaying of the terrible fate, the evidence in the case will show. The prisoner at the bar had come to the carnival of blood fully prepared; he was a walking magazine; he was not only provided with a number of fire-arms, but had taken care to supply himself with different varieties, each one possessed of its peculiar excellence for the murderous work. He is a nice and close calculator, who, in the contingency of an anticipated collision, might call to his aid both a Derringer and a revolver. If, before the time of the meeting, any such idea passed through the mind of the prisoner at the bar it seems indicated by the number and variety of fire-arms, and the temporary armor in which he was attired, to wit, a convenient overcoat on an inconveniently warm day, from which it would seem he did not reason carelessly. Against this moving battery, which could place itself in any position, like a piece of flying artillery on a field of battle, the deceased had nothing to interpose, and interposed nothing save a physical strength, which, when governed by presence of mind, was but feeble at best. A poor and feeble opera-glass, which, even thrown with well-directed aim, was comparatively harmless; and, last of all, piteous exclamations, which, however they might have moved other men, in this case, at least, fell on ears of stone.

WHY THE HOMICIDE OF KEY WAS A MURDER.

"The evidence in this case, Gentlemen of the Jury, will show to you, from the first act in this tragedy to its close, through every successive scene of horror, not only that deceased was unarmed, but that the prisoner at the bar knew such was the fact when they met; that he knew it when the first shot was fired at the corner; that he must surely have known it when subsequently the exclamations of the deceased were dying in the air; and that, possibly more certainly still, he must have known it when he stood bravely over his victim, revolver in hand, seeking to scatter the brains of one at whom he had fired three times and mortally wounded, and when his eyes were then being covered with the film of death. I say not this for the purpose of influencing your minds against the prisoner at the bar, but as an illustration of the principle at common law, that homicide with a deadly weapon, perpetrated by a party who has all the advantages on his side, and with all the circumstances of deliberate cruelty and vindictiveness, is murder, no matter what the antecedent provocation in the case.

HOW MANY SHOTS WERE FIRED.

"At least four or five shots were fired, or attempted to be fired. The interval of time, greater or less, between those shots, was filled up by earnest and frantic entreaties, such as a man would make for his life; such, perhaps, as a desire for an opportunity for self-vindication, and perhaps the recollection of the little ones left clustering around his own hearth-stone. The first shot which probably took effect on the person of the deceased wounded him in the groin. From that time at least, until he fell on the pavement, he was in supplicating retreat, yet the prisoner at the bar did not desist from his bloody intent, even when he stood over the prostrate and dying form of the deceased. Nay, more, the evidence will show that at that time he was attempting to add mutilation to murder, when he was arrested by the parties whose feet subsequently bore his victim from the spot on which he fell."

THE EVIDENCE FOR THE PROSECUTION.

JAMES H. REED

Was passing by at the time of the murder. Saw Sickles and Key together. Saw Sickles's arm rise and steady itself gradually; saw him raise a pistol gradually in the course of five or ten seconds, and take deliberate aim; he fired. Key retreated and got behind a tree shouting, "Don't shoot me!" Sickles came within five feet of him and fired; the pistol snapped. Key then advanced toward Sickles, who retreated, and, at ten feet distance, fired again. Key threw something at Sickles; on receiving this second shot, Key pressed his hands against his stomach, and cried something like, "Kill me!" Key then ran to the pavement and fell, resting himself on his right elbow. Sickles pursued him, and fired a third time, at a distance of about two and a half feet from Key, standing over him. He tried to fire twice more, but the pistol snapped each time.—On cross-examination the witness stated that he witnessed no scuffle of any kind between the parties. He judged the last shot struck the deceased in the abdomen.

P. V. R. VAN WYCK

Saw Key and Sickles in conversation; saw one of them raise his arm, and heard a pistol-shot. Both then disappeared from his view round the corner. When witness came up Key was lying on the pavement. Sickles snapped his pistol twice at him. Parties then carried off Key's corpse. Noticed Butterworth leaning against the railing.—On cross-examination witness stated that he heard three reports of a pistol, not in rapid succession. Saw a Derringer pistol on the ground. Key retreated with his face toward Sickles.

EDWARD DELAFIELD

Heard a pistol-shot. Key cried, "Don't shoot me." Sickles followed him up. Key seized him by the right hand. Sickles shook him off, and fired again. Key fell on his arm. Sickles put a pistol to his breast and fired again. Key fell over as if dead. The corpse was carried away, and Sickles walked away arm in arm with a friend.

JOSEPH DUDSON

Saw a scuffle between Key and Sickles. The latter ran to the flagstone, followed up by Key. Sickles then turned and fired. Key cried "Murder," and retreated to the tree, Sickles following him up and firing. When Key fell Sickles snapped the pistol at his head. Only three shots were fired to witness's knowledge.—*Cross-examined:* All the shots were fired before Key fell.

RICHARD N. DOWNER

Heard the firing. Saw Key dead. Heard Sickles ask: "Is the damned rascal dead?" Picked up a Derringer pistol, which he handed to the Coroner. Did not see the homicide.

CYRUS M'CORMICK

Lives in the house opposite which the affray took place. Heard the report of a pistol. Saw Key and Sickles apparently engaged in a street fight. Sickles advanced on Key and fired. Key went in the direction of the tree and fell in the gutter. In that position Sickles fired at him—after or about the time Key fell. Can not tell whether there was a snap or not.

THOMAS E. MARTIN

Heard the report of a pistol. Recognized the parties, and mentioned the fact at the Club House. On coming out saw Key down, and Sickles, who stood over him, snap a cap at him. Witness took hold of Key, and heard Sickles say, "He has violated my bed" [objected to by District Attorney, but admitted]. Helped to carry Key into the Club House. He still breathed. Asked him if he had any thing to say to his children; the deceased made no answer, as he did not understand what witness said.—*Cross-examined:* Thinks he heard three or four pistol-shots. Heard no other expression from Sickles than the above.

FRANCIS DOYLE

Was in the Club House when the affair commenced. Went out and saw Key lying on pavement, and Sickles about to shoot him in the head with a pistol. Laid his hand on Sickles's shoulder and begged him not to shoot. Sickles said, "He has dishonored (or defiled) my bed." Sickles turned away and walked off with Butterworth. Heard no other remark from Sickles than the above. The day was pleasant, but not particularly warm.—*Cross-examined:* Presumes he (witness) wore an overcoat that day, as he usually does.

ABEL UPSHUR

Gave the same evidence as the last witness.

E. M. TIDBALL

Confirmed the evidence of the preceding witnesses. Heard Key cry "Murder!" Sickles had a long brown overcoat on; it was a pleasant day, quite warm.—*Cross-examined:* Thinks he wore an overcoat himself that day.

FIFTH DAY'S PROCEEDINGS.—*Evidence Continued.*

THOMAS WOODWARD, CORONER,

Produced a Derringer pistol handed to him at the inquest by Mr. Downer; also two brass keys, the case of an opera-glass, and a handkerchief found in the pocket of deceased. Witness examined the body of deceased. There was a bullet-hole in the side and another in the thigh, a bruise on the right side, and a slight wound on the hand. Witness produced the coat, vest, and pantaloons worn by deceased. The holes in them produced by the shots were shown to the jury.—This witness was minutely examined by the defense as to the pockets of deceased and their contents; but nothing material was elicited.

EUGENE PENDLETON

Heard a shot, and turning his eyes in its direction, saw two men scuffling. One of them—Sickles—disengaged himself, and, at about ten feet distance, fired at Key, who "wilted," pressing his hands on his stomach. He ran to the pavement and fell there. Sickles followed and fired again, standing over him. He then snapped a cap at him. Some one approaching from the Club House placed his hand on Sickles's shoulder and he desisted from firing, and walked away with some one. Saw an article thrown by deceased at Sickles just as the latter disengaged himself. Saw no pistol in Key's hand. The tussle between the parties was of short duration.

DR. COOLEDGE

Made two examinations of the body of deceased. There was one wound on the left side between the tenth and eleventh ribs; the ball entered the body three and a half inches above the hip-bone on the left side, broke the eleventh rib under the edge of the spleen, and cut that portion which lies near the back-bone; it made a slight groove under its lower surface; it made a much deeper groove across the whole upper part of the body of the left kidney; it did not injure the great blood-vessels of the body, but the two of the left kidney; it did not injure the two great trunks, nor did it wound the intestines of the stomach; it entered the large lobe of the liver; anatomically it was within half an inch of the great vein of the liver at its transverse fissure; witness could not well describe it without using a little technical language; it transversed the whole thickness of the lobe of the liver, and entered the right cavity of the chest without wounding the lungs; it broke the eighth rib, and lodged under the skin; the left side of the chest contained a large quantity of blood—a quart at least; altogether the amount of blood was between three and four quarts. This was a mortal wound. The body must have been in a semi-recumbent posture when this wound was inflicted. Witness extracted a ball from this wound (ball produced in court). There was another wound two inches below the groin. The ball passed entirely through the thigh, and came out in the groove between the buttock and the thigh. It passed near the main artery, just above the largest branch. Such a wound would not be severe, but would cause lameness for a long time. There was a slight abrasion on the middle finger of the left hand. There was no injury about the head. The structure of the heart was healthy.—*Cross examined:* In witness's opinion the holes in the clothing were caused by the ball. The evidence of this witness was confirmed by Dr. Stone.

WAS KEY ARMED?

James N. Reed (recalled) states that Key had nothing in his hand at the time of the affray. P. V. R. Van Wyck could not see whether either party had any thing in his hand.

CHARLES H. WILDER

Took charge of the body after the killing till the Mayor came. Deceased's pockets contained case of an opera-glass, keys, and money—nothing more.

THE DERRINGER PISTOL AND BALL

Were, notwithstanding objections by the defense, offered in evidence and exhibited to the jury.

BUTTERWORTH, WALKER, AND WOOLDRIDGE.

The case of the prosecution closed here. Counsel for the prisoner now asked the Court to compel the prosecution to place Messrs. Butterworth, Walker, and Wooldridge on the stand, as they had been witnesses before the Coroner's inquest. The prosecution refused to do so on the ground that Butterworth was a confederate, and that the names of these witnesses did not appear on the back of the presentment. The Court declined to grant the motion.

THE ROOM IN WHICH SICKLES IS BEING TRIED.

The *Tribune* correspondent writes: "The Criminal Court is held in an apartment about the size of the larger of the two rooms ordinarily used by the Superior Court of New York for jury trials. On one side are the desks of the Clerks and Marshals, and a space for the witnesses; on the other the jury box and witness' stand. The Court sits between two screens, directly opposite a wooden clock, with a brass pendulum, which ticks directly over the double doors. Flanking this, but slightly thrown forward, are two barrel stoves, which give out a heat unqualified by water, slightly qualified by fresh air, more than qualified by the breath of the crowd that stands between and about them, and leans over the high bar which halves the room. Midway between the door and the Judge, in a dock, looking like a cattle-crate pushed close to the bar, over which gapes a row of faces, is Mr. Sickles. The passage-way between him and his counsel was kept clear to-day, but the space, about six benches broad, effectually prevents that immediate intercourse between them which is valuable to every prisoner, and must be especially so to a prisoner who is himself a lawyer.

THE FEELING OF THE TALESMEN.

"It was evident to-day, not only from incidents susceptible of repetition, but from little signs in the manner and expression of jurors under examination, which were not without their effect upon the audience, and possibly upon the sworn men in the box, that, however the public sentiment of Washington as a whole, or the public sentiment of this class or that class may incline, those who had an opportunity of speaking for themselves in Court were largely in favor of the prisoner. Of all examined, only one let fall an expression significant of a contrary opinion. He was a heavy old fellow, with English whiskers and Dutch phlegm, who remarked that, in his opinion, 'he who does a willful murder ought to suffer for it.' Out of those examined yesterday there may have been others of his way of thinking. But I doubt if there were more than one or two, if any, of the seventy-five called to-day, excepting, of course, these sworn, who did not sympathize with Mr. Sickles. A gentleman who sat within reach of each while they were being interrogated, says that seventy-two of the seventy-five were in favor of Mr. Sickles. He judges not only from what they said, but from their evident indications of feeling—the moist eye, the heaving breast. This fact is the more significant of the state of opinion, because these were talesmen selected by the Marshal, and of evident respectability—wonderful respectability to one who knows of what timber New York Juries in criminal causes are often constructed. The disclosure of the day surprised every one—even the District Attorney, I am told.

HOW THE PRESS WAS TREATED.

"Washington doesn't know that there is a Fourth Estate. Washington, the centre of politics and political news, and just now the centre of interest to others than politicians, doesn't know its own radii, without the aid of which its importance to the world would be much less. Like certain Members of Congress, who see fit, when it suits them, to abuse the creators of their reputation, Washington doesn't recognize its friend in the Press.

"My own experience was amusing. Seats were provided for six reporters, desirable seats for two. I was pointed to an undesirable one, but preferred to remain within the bar, where was no opportunity to write.

"'But you can't stay there!'

"'Why not?'

"'Because this space is reserved for members of the bar;' and my venerable friend showed me carefully-drawn written rules.

"Luckily, I was once admitted to the New York bar. At the announcement of this fact, presto! what a change! Sternness became suavity; acerbity, affability; and I was suffered to retain my seat until—partly through a kind suggestion, partly through a judicious investment of qualities of my own, which it is unnecessary to specify—I ensconced myself opposite the counsel, and in close proximity to judge, juror, and witness."

THE MORMONS QUIETING DOWN.

Additional advices were received last week at the War Department from Utah, dated March 1. Mormonism is represented as being on the wane, and apostatizing from the errors of that sect has become quite common. Some of the Mormon leaders, however, still exhibit feelings of hatred toward the Government. Brigham Young keeps himself secluded, and it is alleged is afraid of his own people. It is reported that he intends quitting Salt Lake at an early day, and that he has agents negotiating in some of the northern provinces of Mexico, and also in Central America, whither he may go to found a new settlement, where he will be out of danger and away from Gentile influence. The Territorial officers experience much difficulty in the administration of law, arising from obstacles placed in their way by the Mormons, and it is frequent subject of complaint. The army is represented to be in fine spirits. The Indians in the southern part of the Territory were troublesome.

UTAH APPLYING FOR ADMISSION INTO THE UNION.

The Mormon Legislature has passed the following memorial to Congress:

"*To the Honorable the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States in Congress assembled:*

"Your memorialists, the Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Utah, respectfully represent that in the year 1856, on the 16th day of February, the qualified electors of the Territory of Utah met at the usual places of holding elections in their several precincts, and did unanimously elect, by vote, thirty-nine delegates to a Convention, which Convention met on the 17th day of March, 1856, in Great Salt Lake City, and appointed a President and Secretary, and did proceed to form and adopt a constitution and a republican form of State Government for the Territory of Utah, under the name and style of the 'State of Deseret,' and prepared a memorial to your honorable body for admission into the Union, and appointed delegates to transmit the same to Washington City, District of Columbia, which constitution and memorial were submitted to the people on the 6th day of April, in their several precincts, and by a unanimous vote approved; and whereas said constitution has been presented to your honorable body without receiving that favorable action which our constituents desire; and whereas the people of the Territory are abundantly able to support a State Government;

"Therefore your petitioners respectfully pray your honorable body to admit the State of Deseret into the Union on an equal footing with the original States, thereby to avoid in a great measure the difficulties which naturally hinder the advance of the glorious principles of true republicanism, or government by the people, the only sure basis of permanent government and true liberty. And your memorialists, as in duty bound, will ever pray."

UTAH APPLIES FOR TERRITORIAL FREEDOM.

Also, and evidently with a view to the possibility of Deseret's admission into the Union being for the time delayed, the following memorial has been submitted:

"*Memorial to Congress for the Election of Governor, Judges, Secretary, and other Territorial Officers by the People.*

"Your memorialists, the Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Utah, respectfully pray your honorable body to so amend the organic act of the Territory of Utah as to extend to the people of this Territory the right of the elective franchise authorizing them to elect their own Governor, Judges, Secretary, as well as other officers. Your memorialists would respectfully desire your early attention to this subject.

"Your memorialists believe that the appointing of strangers as officers over the citizens of the United States in Territories (though a time-honored custom) is, to say the least, a relic of British colonial rule, and a direct infringement upon the rights of self-government, and opposed to the genius and policy of republican institutions. Your attention to this important subject is respectfully requested.

"As your honorable body are well aware that no persons can be so well qualified to administer justice, make laws and execute them, in a Territory, as those citizens of the United States who have reclaimed it from a wilderness, the consummation of this valuable reform is respectfully desired. And your memorialists, as in duty bound, will ever pray."

THE CONNECTICUT ELECTION.

The Connecticut election, which took place last week, resulted in a pretty general success of the Republicans. Returns received indicate the election of all four of the Republican candidates for Congress, together with the Republican State ticket, and a Republican majority of the Legislature.

MRS. HARTUNG TO BE HANGED.

Governor Morgan refuses to commute Mrs. Hartung's sentence. In a letter to her counsel he says:

"If Mrs. Hartung is guilty of the murder of her husband, she is guilty of a cool, premeditated murder of the most revolting character. If guilty, she availed herself of the opportunities the marriage state gave her to administer poison to him coolly, deliberately, maliciously. Murder by poisoning is the worst sort of murder, and the most difficult of detection; and is in some States designated as such on the statute book. Where a murder is committed in any other way, there is often the possibility that murder was not deliberately intended; but in the case of poisoning there is no room for doubt. The malice, the premeditation, the murderous intent belong necessarily to the crime; and while every application for commutation or pardon shall be decided on its own peculiar facts, I can not conceive that I should feel authorized in interfering in any case of poisoning where guilt is clearly proved; least of all can I interfere where a husband poisons a wife or a wife a husband.

"If, therefore, Mrs. Hartung is guilty of the crime of poisoning her husband, I can not reconcile it to my ideas of duty to save her from the penalty the law imposes upon her crime. The jury have, by their verdict—conscientiously arrived at, as I believe—declared that she is guilty of this crime, and the Judge, whose fairness and humanity are admitted, says that 'the verdict was clearly warranted by the testimony.' After a careful examination and consideration of the evidence and of her own statement, I am unable to say that, had I been one of the jury, I could have arrived at a different conclusion. I believe her to be guilty of the deliberate murder of her husband by poisoning.

WOMEN NOT EXEMPT FROM HANGING.

"It is urged upon me that, even though she is guilty, public opinion demands that her punishment should be commuted to imprisonment for life; and that if this is not done, no woman will ever again be convicted of murder in this State. Even were this true I should see in it no reason for my interference. It is not a matter to be decided by public feeling—by the impulses of those who have not had time or inclination to scan the evidence carefully, and many of whom are influenced by an objection to capital punishment in general, or by a horror of hanging a woman, or both. The only province of public opinion in a case like this is to induce additional care where a decision adverse to the current of public opinion is arrived at. Moreover, though there is, undoubtedly, a great repugnance in the public mind to the infliction of capital punishment upon a woman, I do not think that it is so general as is assumed, or that it interferes essentially with the course of public justice.

"I can not, then, commute the punishment of Mrs. Hartung. She must suffer the penalty the law has imposed upon her; and I request you will communicate this decision to her, and urge her to cease to hope for Executive clemency, but to devote herself at once to preparing to stand before her Creator. I trust she will seek and receive forgiveness from Him who alone can grant it.

Yours, with respect,

(Signed) "EDWIN D. MORGAN.

"TO WILLIAM HADLEY, Esq., Albany."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE REFORM BILL.

THE debate on the Reform Bill was resumed in the House of Commons on the 22d. Messrs. Wilson, Sidney, Crossley, and others spoke against it, and Sir E. Bulwer, the Solicitor-General, and others, in favor of it. The debate was then adjourned until the 24th. The London *Daily News* says that Sir E. L. Bulwer's speech on the Reform Bill was thoroughly successful as an oratorical effort, but it was not argument. He denounced all concession to the working classes, as subversive of the freedom, safety, and honor of England. The London *Herald* takes precisely the opposite view of Sir E. L. Bulwer's speech, and says he boldly grappled with the absurd charge that ministers are afraid of the influence of the working man, and have not consulted his interests.

On the 24th, in the House of Commons, the debate was continued on the Reform question, the House being crowded to excess, while the excitement outside was undiminished. Speeches in opposition to the Government bill were made by Milner A. Gibson, Bernal Osborne, Mr. Walpole, Mr. Bright, etc., while it was supported by Messrs. Adderly, B. Hope, and others.—The debate on the Reform Bill was resumed on 25th. Mr. Cardwell and Lord Palmerston spoke in favor of Lord John Russell's resolutions. The latter entirely repudiated all factious motives, and declared Lord John Russell's resolutions must not be regarded as a vote of censure. Sir S. Northcote and Mr. Whiteside defended the Government, when the debate was further adjourned. The general impression was, that the Ministers were sure of defeat in a division on Lord John Russell's amendment to the Reform Bill, and there were various speculations as to the course they would pursue.

FRANCE.

THE NEW EUROPEAN CONGRESS.

The Paris *Moniteur* of the 22d ult. contains the following: "Russia has proposed the assembling of a Congress with a view to prevent the complications to which the condition of Italy might give rise, and which will naturally disturb the peace of Europe. The Congress is proposed to be constituted of plenipotentiaries from France, Austria, England, Prussia, and Russia, and to be summoned to meet in some neutral town. The French Government has given its assent to the proposal of the Russian Cabinet, but the Cabinets of London, Vienna, and Berlin have not yet returned an official reply."

This article caused a further rise on the Bourse of ½ @ ¼ per cent., but subsequently it was rumored that Austria had refused the proposition for a Congress on Italian affairs, and a reaction occurred; the three per cents closing dull at 68 francs 85 centimes for money, and 65 francs for account.

AUSTRIA AGREES TO IT.

A dispatch from Vienna states that Austria, on the 23d, agreed to the proposed Congress, and it would probably meet at Aix-la-Chapelle: all the other Powers had previously given their consent.

It is stated that Austria consented to a Congress under certain conditions, but that they are not of much importance. It is supposed that she would, as a matter of course, insist on a strict maintenance of the treaties of 1815, but that she will hardly object to a revision of her special treaties with the Italian States.

The French journals assume that Lord Cowley's mission to Vienna has had nothing to do with the Congress, and they credit Russia with the proposition.

The London *Star* believes that Lord Malmesbury has been appointed to represent England in the Congress.

The *Nord* states that it received information leading it to suppose that the different *diplomates* of Europe are agreed upon the following points: Firstly, on the advisability of preventing hostilities; and, consequently, of obtaining a formal promise from Austria not to attack Piedmont, and from Piedmont not to attack Austria. Secondly, to take the treaties of 1815 as a starting-point for future negotiations. The *Nord* remarks that the only interpretation which can be put upon this is, that it has been resolved not to unsettle the territorial arrangement of 1815.

PIEDMONT TO BE ADMITTED.

A Paris letter in the *Nord* states that the Sardinian Cabinet has addressed a communication to the five great Powers, strongly insisting on being allowed to take part in the deliberation on the affairs of Italy; and a Paris correspondent of the London *Post* says, that in consequence of the representations made by Count Cavour, the French Government consents that Piedmont and other Italian States shall be represented at the Conference.

Prince Napoleon had personally insisted upon the admission of Piedmont into the Congress, and had represented to the Emperor that, in the event of Piedmont not being admitted, Count Cavour would resign. The Prince previously announced his admission into the Congress, but, in that event, admission could not be refused to Tuscany, the Papal Government, and the Duchy of Parma; Naples and Modena being naturally excluded—Naples on account of the interruption of her international relations, and Modena because it has never recognized the Imperial Government.

The *Patrie*, this evening, states that the Cabinets of London and St. Petersburg have agreed to the proposal of France to admit Piedmont, and there is hope that the Cabinet of Berlin may also consent, in which event Austria can not resist the wish of the great Powers.

A LAW-CASE AGAINST THE EMPEROR.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "There has come off before the civil tribunal of Paris a trial which is strictly suppressed there, as Napoleon III. is, in point of fact, the defendant. In 1851 he sought to raise money in London by the issue of scrip based on the recovery of Queen Hortense, his mother's property, confiscated in 1815. Very few of these certificates were negotiable; but two Belgian bankers, De Cocq and Terwangue, became possessed of a certain amount. They brought their action to recover the money—the tribunal decreed 'that Louis Napoleon in London could not give away what he had not;' and that 'by a decree of the 21st January, 1852, the Bonaparte family had renounced all claims of any family inheritance whatever.' Plaintiffs non-suited."

CLOTILDE IN TROUBLE.

"Strange whisperings are flying about regarding the Princess Clotilde. She is said to be of a peculiarly sensitive nature, and the entire want of any thing like enthusiasm, either of loyalty or religion, in her adopted country, is reported to have shocked her greatly. 'When I go out all seem to look jealously upon me as an intruder,' was her reflection to a Sardinian lady of rank; 'no sound of welcome has ever once greeted my ear since I came, as regards the people. If I follow my devotions as my mother taught me when alive, those about me stare and half shrug their shoulders, as if I were committing an act of fatuity. The Prince places no impediment in my way, but smiles half contemptuously, as on a silly child. I hope I shall like things better as I grow more habituated.'

HERCULANEUM AT THE OPERA.

"A very magnificent work has been brought out at the Grand Opera, entitled 'Herculaneum.' As an opera, its success seems more than doubtful; but as a splendid exhibition of scenic representation, even Paris has rarely witnessed any thing to equal it. The scene is laid in the city of Herculaneum, almost on the eve of its destruction. We are introduced to the Queen, surrounded by a crowd of courtiers and populace, displaying the various costumes of the Asiatics, Greeks, and Latins who peopled this ancient Grecian colony. There we have the persecutors of the Christians. But the grand *cheval de bataille* is the introduction of Satan himself. Unfortunately the splendor of the scenery is made to overlay the music, and although Madame Gueynard executes some delicious *morceaux*, delivered with a voice which awakes the enthusiasm of the audience, still, only as a scenic representation will this very elaborate work maintain its ground, if it does at all."

AUSTRIA.

WARLIKE PREPARATIONS.

A letter dated Vienna, March 18, says: "It is reported in Lombardy, and the rumor is repeated by the Italians in this city, that there is to be a general rising in Central Italy on or about the 23d of this month. Should the revolutionists assemble in force in Parma or Modena, and endeavor to overthrow the existing order of things, the chances are that the Austrian Government will send a flying corps against them, with orders to retire immediately after having struck a heavy blow.

"The Emperor will soon leave for Verona, as he is resolved to see with his own eyes the condition of the army which is now concentrated in Lombardy and Venice. Some of his Majesty's saddle-horses were sent from Vienna yesterday, and a part of the Court Gendarmerie has received orders to be prepared to go to Italy. The day before yesterday no fewer than 100 heavy guns were conveyed from the Leopoldstadt to the terminus of the Southern Railroad. Persons who saw them taken across the bridge state that there was an extra carriage to each cannon. Yesterday a tremendously long train left Matzleinsdorf, the first station on the Southern Railroad, with ammunition. 'All the vans,' says an eye-witness, 'were filled with cannon-balls, shells, rockets, etc.'"

ITALY.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE STRUGGLE.

What is true of the preparations in Austria, is true also of the preparations on the part of Sardinia. A letter from Turin, dated March 18, says: "Preparations here are not neglected. On the contrary, they are carried to an extent that can be accounted for only by a presumed profound conviction—not to say a complete certainty—on the part of this Government, that war is at hand. One daily sees and hears of military movements, all in the direction of the frontier. A number of pontoons were sent off yesterday; three batteries of artillery left this morning. I am informed that the artillery at the Venaria, an artillery dépôt not far from Turin, is under orders to move; the garrison of Turin is under orders to march eastward, and the military service of the city will be performed by the National Guards. In conformity with the law recently passed, a selection is being made from these for the purpose of mobilization, which means that those who can best be spared from their homes—single men, and those fitted for such duty—will be sent to furnish garrisons at points whence it is intended to withdraw the regulars. In short, according to all appearance, every trained soldier that Piedmont possesses, with the exception of sick, and perhaps of a small detachment here and there, will soon be in the vicinity of this frontier. The artillery that left this morning, commanded by Major Fenova di Revel, a Deputy, goes to the neighborhood of Alessandria, which place is full of troops. General Cialdini has betaken himself to Cuneo, to organize the volunteers there assembled into some sort of legions—no very pleasant task, but one which that officer, who has had considerable experience in several services, is doubtless extremely well qualified to perform."

THE EVACUATION OF ROME.

At a conclave of Cardinals, the Pope referred to the evacuation of his states by foreign troops, and denied that he had said he felt himself sufficiently strong to dispense with the extraneous assistance as a secular and warlike Prince might have done. His Holiness repeated that it was only to avert a conflict which might lead to a general conflagration that induced him to demand the withdrawal of the foreign garrisons.

MORE BOMBS FOR NAPLES.

The Neapolitan police have been warned that cases of explosive materials and fulminating powder, concealed under layers of tobacco, have been sent from Genoa, and are *en route* to Naples. A circular has been sent from the heads of the Custom-house to their agents, enjoining the most strict attention and examination of every thing arriving from Genoa. The letter is in manuscript, and strictly confidential.

AMERICANS AT ROME.

There was a grand ball at Rome on Washington's birthday. The correspondent of the *Times* says of the Americans present: "The sparkling, delicate beauty of the American ladies present was acknowledged to me by more than one Englishman. And I will here do the English the credit to say that I heard of but one instance of striking rudeness attributed to them during the evening, which, considering the number of cockneys always traveling on the Continent, indicates an improvement. Conspicuously among the dancers, till a late hour, was the beautiful blonde, Mrs. H——, of New York. The charming Mrs. S——, of Boston, noted for the most natural, graceful manners, as well as for having seen Central Spain, 'the Second Cataract,' Petra, Damascus, Nijni Novgorod, and 'the Midnight Sun,' never appeared more lovely. Another centre of admiration was the fascinating American wife of the English banker, whose every look awakened associations with Andalusia or the Orient. Browning, with his keen, snapping eyes and unpoetical expression, I noticed among the number.

"And this reminds me of other literary celebrities in Rome. Hawthorne I frequently see in the street, swinging along with a sort of land-measuring pace, smoking, and occasionally looking out from under his shaggy brow and otherwise timorous face. He avoids all society, and is said to be engaged on some new work, the subject of which is not even known by his wife.

"Motley, who is conceded to be, by many English critics, the greatest living historian, I occasionally meet in society gatherings. He is rather tall, has an earnest American expression, and wears his hair parted in the centre. He is still engaged on his historical work. The famous manuscripts of the Vatican, so difficult of serviceable access, have afforded him additional material for his labors."

RUSSIA.

SIGNS OF DISTURBANCE.

A disagreeable sensation has been produced in official circles at St. Petersburg by the declaration of the committee of the government of Tiver respecting emancipation, that the nobility express the opinion that this reform is to ruin the Russian nobles. The committee demand recompense for the lands ceded to the peasants, and advise the nobility to break off all communication with them. The document indicates a profound sentiment of bitterness and irritation.

SPAIN.

CUBA AND THE UNITED STATES.

In the Chamber of Deputies, a call having been made for the production of the papers relative to the negotiations between the United States, France, and England, for the acquisition of Cuba by America, the Minister of Foreign Affairs replied that some Deputies had expressed a desire to see the administration of Cuba improved, and the President of the United States expressed the same wish. The opinion of the President was that Spain did not administer Cuba well, and that the United States, on account of their higher intelligence, had a moral duty to fulfill, which was to purchase the Island. The Government could not allow this idea about Cuba to remain uncontradicted. All Governments had labored to improve the condition of that Island, and the present Cabinet had been constantly occupied with measures calculated to give the inhabitants of the Island the share they ought to possess in their internal administration, without compromising the ties which unite them to the mother country.

The best reply to the representations of certain orators of the United States was the prosperity of the Island of Cuba. That the question of the acquisition of the Island was imposing and menacing could not be denied. Nevertheless, the Government declared that it felt all the security which its great national resources were calculated to inspire. It had not, however, rendered insult for insult, as that would probably have aggravated the question. It had conducted itself with prudence and dignity, and had not applied for assistance to any other Power. If any other foreign Power had offered assistance the Government would have felt grateful, but it would not have accepted of it because it did not think any aid was necessary. As no diplomatic documents existed on the question, which happily was almost terminated, the Government hoped M. Badia would be satisfied with the explanations given, and withdraw the motion.

GREECE.

REVIVAL OF THE OLYMPIC GAMES.

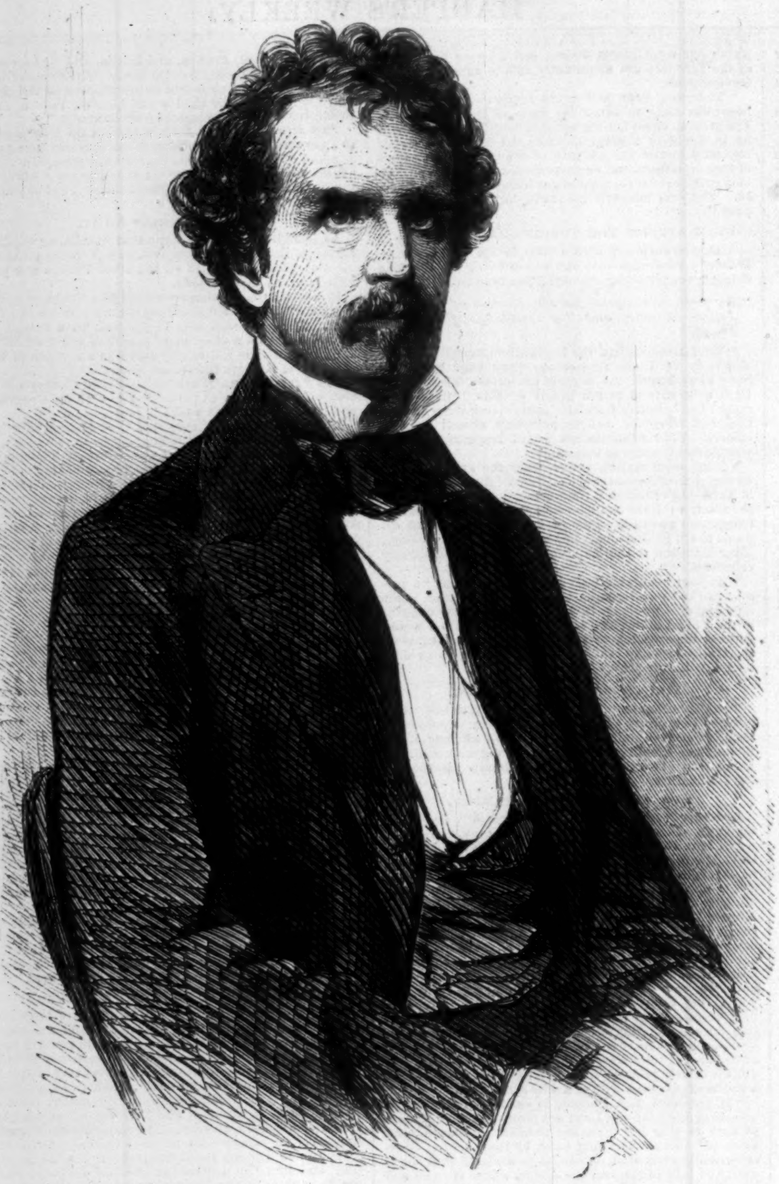
A rich Greek, Evangelis Zappas of Bucharest, has given to the Greek nation the interest of 400 shares in the National Bank at Athens, and 40,000 drachmas in cash, to found and support new Olympics for the benefit of art, manufactures, and agriculture. A royal order has appeared for their regulation. They are to be celebrated every four years. They will combine an Art and Industrial Exhibition with an Agricultural Fair. The prizes will be money, medals, and honorable mentions. They are to be held in October, from the first to the fourth Sunday of that month. The first Sunday begins with divine service in honor of all who have aided the spiritual or national progress of Greece; the rest of the day is devoted to a meeting of the philosophers, at which the spiritual progress of the last four years is to be represented. The principal philosophical works of the Olympiad will be noticed and a prize awarded. On the second Sunday prizes will be awarded for the best cattle; in the afternoon a trial of speed of native horses. On the third Sunday prizes will be awarded for the best agricultural products; in the afternoon a gymnastic exhibition in the stadium at Athens; prizes to be awarded in money and laurel crowns. The last Sunday is allotted to the distribution of prizes for the best manufactures; in the evening a new drama, selected by the Academy, is to be played, with musical interludes of Greek composition, for which prizes will be awarded. The first Festival will be held in October, 1859.

PARAGUAY.

SETTLEMENT OF THE DISPUTE.

Intelligence was received last week of the peaceful settlement of our difficulty with Paraguay. It appears that this speedy and satisfactory adjustment has in a measure been accomplished through the friendly offices of President Urquiza, chief of the Argentine Confederation. The precise terms upon which the settlement is based have not been made public, but it is known that ample indemnity is conceded to the family of the person killed on board the steamer *Water Witch*, and also to the company represented by Mr. Hopkins.

THE SICKLES TRIAL.



JAMES T. BRADY, ESQ.—[From a Photograph by Brady.]

We give this week, in illustration of the great trial which is now pending at Washington, a portrait of the leading counsel for the defense, Mr. James T. Brady, of New York, and a fac-simile of the fatal anonymous letter which first aroused the suspicions of the prisoner, and led him to commit the terrible act for which he is now on trial.

Mr. Brady is as well known throughout this country as any other criminal lawyer. His connection with leading criminal cases has now lasted upward of ten years; the skill, science, and eloquence which he has uniformly evinced have placed him, by common consent, among the first criminal lawyers at the bar. Latterly, he has been devoting his chief attention to civil practice, which, if less fruitful of immediate éclat, is more productive of profit; he is recognized in this department, also, as one of the ablest lawyers at our bar. Unsurpassed in the examination of witnesses, he is without an equal, perhaps, in the art of fascinating a jury; while the soundest judges on the Bench listen to his exposition of knotty legal points with a deference seldom awarded to so young a man.

Mr. Brady's parents were Irish. He himself was born in the city of New York about the year 1814. He received a good education, studied law, and was admitted to the bar about the year 1836. Early in life he attached himself to the Democratic party, and became one of the leaders of Tammany. None of the young chiefs of the wigwam ever attained more popularity than he; when he was announced to speak the hall was always crowded; when he spoke the crowd was always hushed. Latterly he has seemed to desire to withdraw from the front of the political battle. No doubt he wisely sees that, should he devote a few years to the acquisition of wealth and the conquest of a first-class legal reputation, he may hereafter re-enter the political arena to great advantage.

Within the past few years Mr. Brady has been frequently selected to deliver orations on topics of popular interest, and never has he disappointed his audience. Some of his speeches on such occasions as the annual réunion of the Dramatic Fund Association, have been models of classic oratory. His oration at the Burns Festival was perfect; coming from a man who had occupied a leading position in the party with which he has been affiliated, passages in it commanded marked attention, and conciliated no small respect for the speaker.

Nor has Mr. Brady's connection with the Women's Rights question been less beneficial to his fame. Engaged on behalf of a husband in a case involving marital rights, Mr. Brady was understood to utter views which would appear to justify the husband's absolute bodily control of his wife. This view being warmly controverted in some of the papers, and Mr. Brady's gallantry impeached—he is a bachelor—he replied in an admirable and humorous letter, defining his real position, and exculpating himself from the charge of being an advocate of marital tyranny. His letter attracted so much attention that he was solicited to deliver a lecture on the rights of women. He complied with the request, choosing for his theme the legal disabilities of the sex. We presume that his lecture had no small influence on the Legislature at Albany, which has just passed a measure relieving married women from some of their most obvious grievances.

We should have been glad to have given portraits of Mr. Brady's colleagues in the Sickles case. Our space, however, forbids. Persons who are not subscribers to the *Weekly* will find portraits of Judge Crawford, Mr. Attorney Ould, Mr. Butterworth, Mr. Sickles, and Mrs. Sickles in the last number of this journal, together with views of the Court-house and Court-room, and a very full biographical sketch of Mr. Sickles. We now subjoin the graphic sketch of counsel employed, from the reporter for the associated press:

"Mr. Ould is a fine, square-built, athletic man, of some forty years of age, with eyes small and gray, though without the expression of keenness usually attributed to such optics. He has a broad forehead, straight black hair, and a rather pleasant expression of countenance. Indeed, he looks more like a friend to be honorably trusted than like a lawyer to be depended upon. His colleague, Mr. Carlisle, possesses more of the qualities usually associated with the idea of a legal practitioner. Wiry, and restlessly active, nothing seems to escape his attention, and the defense seem to realize that they have more difficulty to expect from him than from the Government prosecutor. His voice, like his person, is thin and wiry, but manner and style are nevertheless pleasant.

"On Mr. Brady, of New York, rests most of the labor of the defense. Studiously polite to Judge, jury, counsel, and witnesses, he seems to have more faith in suavity than in blustering. Even where he thinks the Judge is wrong in the decision of small matters, he prefers to submit gracefully rather than consume time and exasperate feelings in disputation. At the same time, where material principles of law or evidence are involved, none more determined than he, and few more able to defend to the last extremity the interests of his client. He is decidedly the most popular of the counsel for the defense.

"The counsel who next to him seems to be most relied on for the defense is Mr. Stanton. This gentleman is in constant communication with the prisoner, and sits or stands beside him most of the time. What Mr. Brady lavishes in the *suaviter* Mr. Stanton makes up in the *fortiter*. There is no ceremoniousness about him. He comes up to the point with a sledge-hammer earnestness which stands out in contrast to his colleague's extreme politeness. He is a man just a little beyond the middle age of life, but with all the vigor of one of thirty. He talks with rapid utterance and great vehemence, though the reporters say he might improve his argument by diminishing his word fluency.

"Mr. Phillips was a member of the Thirty-third Congress, from the State of Alabama, who, in preference to returning to that State when his term expired, remained to practice law in Washington. I believe he is an Israelite in faith, though entirely restricted to the organization of the jury.

"Thomas Francis Meagher is too well known throughout the country to need description here. As one of the junior counsel in this case, he contents himself with suggestions to his seniors. His is the pleasantest face at the lawyers' table.

"Mr. Ratcliffe has the reputation of being a keen lawyer, up to all the arts of the profession. He is a practitioner at the Washington bar.

"Mr. Chilton is a highly respectable and intelligent-looking elderly gentleman, whose very appearance is calculated to have a favorable impression on the jury. He and Mr. Brady are to sum up for the defense.

"Mr. Magruder has but recently come to practice at this bar. He is favorably spoken of. His part of the defense, however, like that of Mr. Phillips, ceases, I believe, with the organization of the jury."

The anonymous letter needs no description. It will be noticed that the handwriting is feigned, and that omissions of words here and there appear to indicate haste on the part of the writer. The best judges of handwriting affirm that it is the hand of a lady, disguised. Public rumor ascribes its authorship to one of two ladies, who are supposed to have been actuated by jealousy of Mrs. Sickles.

THE LONG AGO.

Oh! a wonderful stream is the river Time,
As it runs through the realms of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a broader sweep, and a surge sublime,
And blends with the ocean of years.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow,
And the summers like buds between,
And the year in the sheaf—so they come and they go,
On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen.

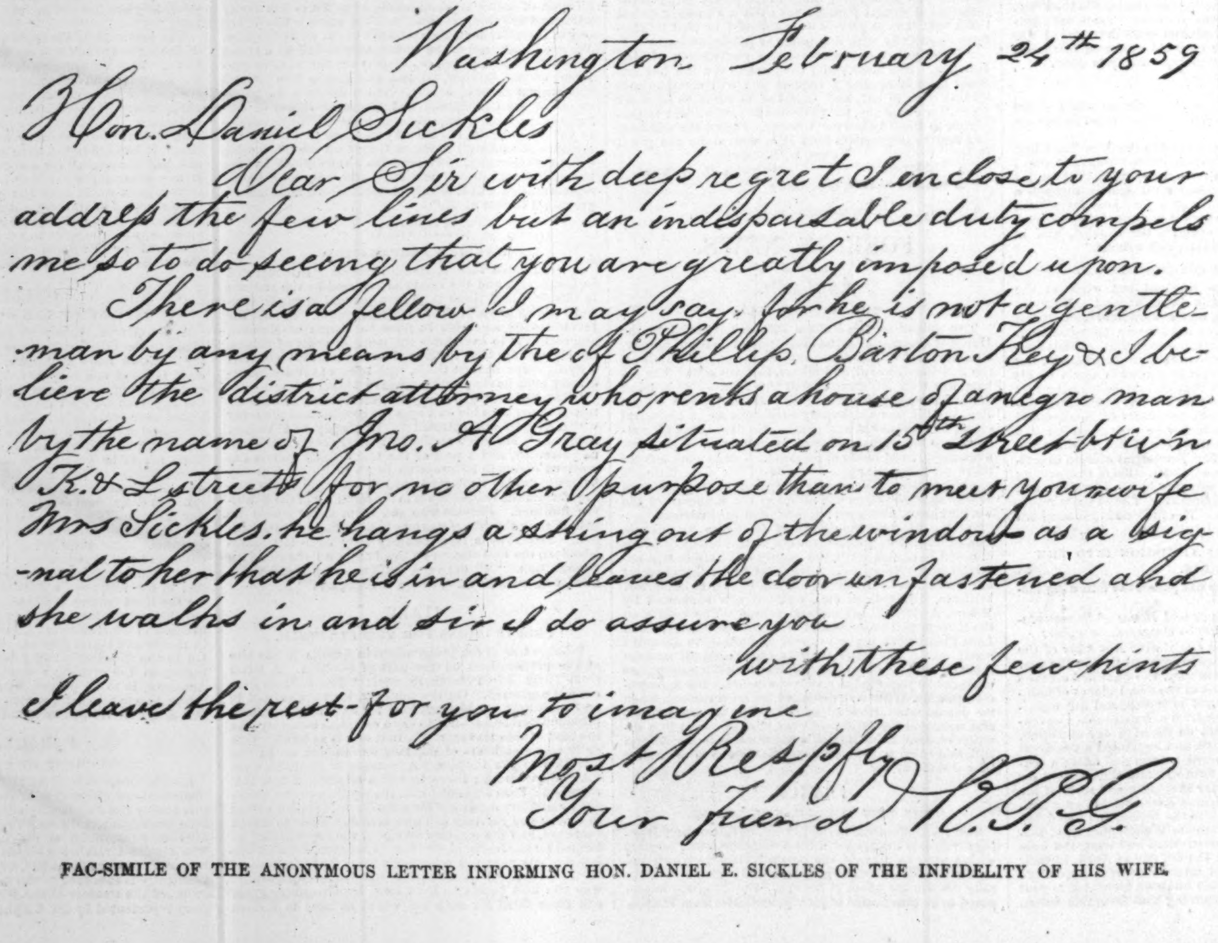
There is a magical Isle up the river Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are staying.

And the name of this isle is the Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there:
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow—
There are heaps of dust, but we loved them so!
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer;
There's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings,
There are broken vows, and pieces of rings,
And the garments that *she* used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear, through the turbulent roar,
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh! remembered for aye be the blessed isle,
All the day of life till night—
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber a while,
May that "greenwood" of soul be in sight.



Washington February 24th 1859

Hon. Daniel Sickles

Dear Sir with deep regret I enclose to your addreſs the few lines but an indespausable duty compels me so to do seeing that you are greatly imposed upon.

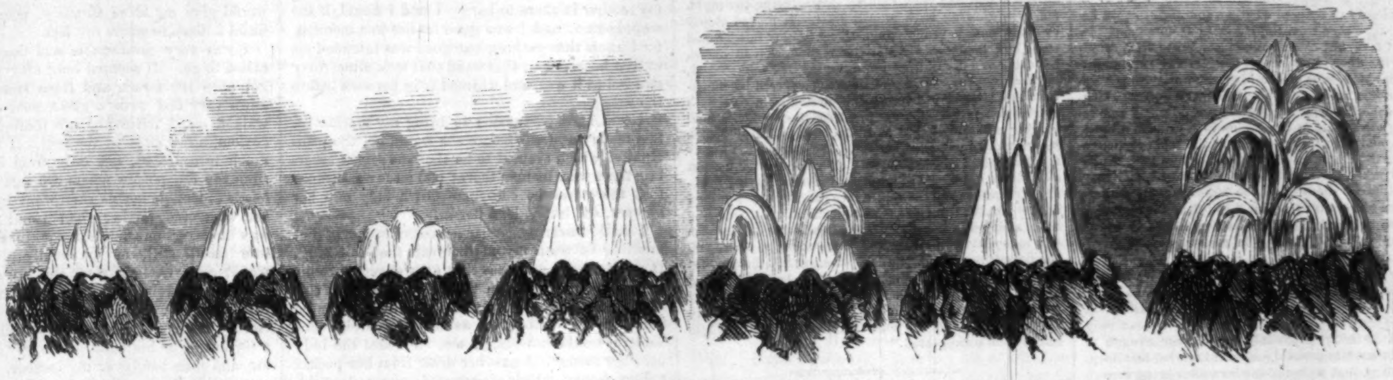
There is a fellow I may say. for he is not a gentleman by any means by the of Phillip Barton Key & I believe the district attorney who rents a house of a negro man by the name of Jno. A Gray situated on 15th Street btwn K. & L streets for no other purpose than to meet your wife Mrs Sickles. he hangs a string out of the window as a signal to her that he is in and leaves the door unfastened and she walks in and sir I do assure you

with these few hints I leave the rest for you to imagine

Most Respfly
Your friend R.P.G.

FAC-SIMILE OF THE ANONYMOUS LETTER INFORMING HON. DANIEL E. SICKLES OF THE INFIDELITY OF HIS WIFE.

ERUPTION OF THE VOLCANO OF MAUNA LOA, HAWAII.



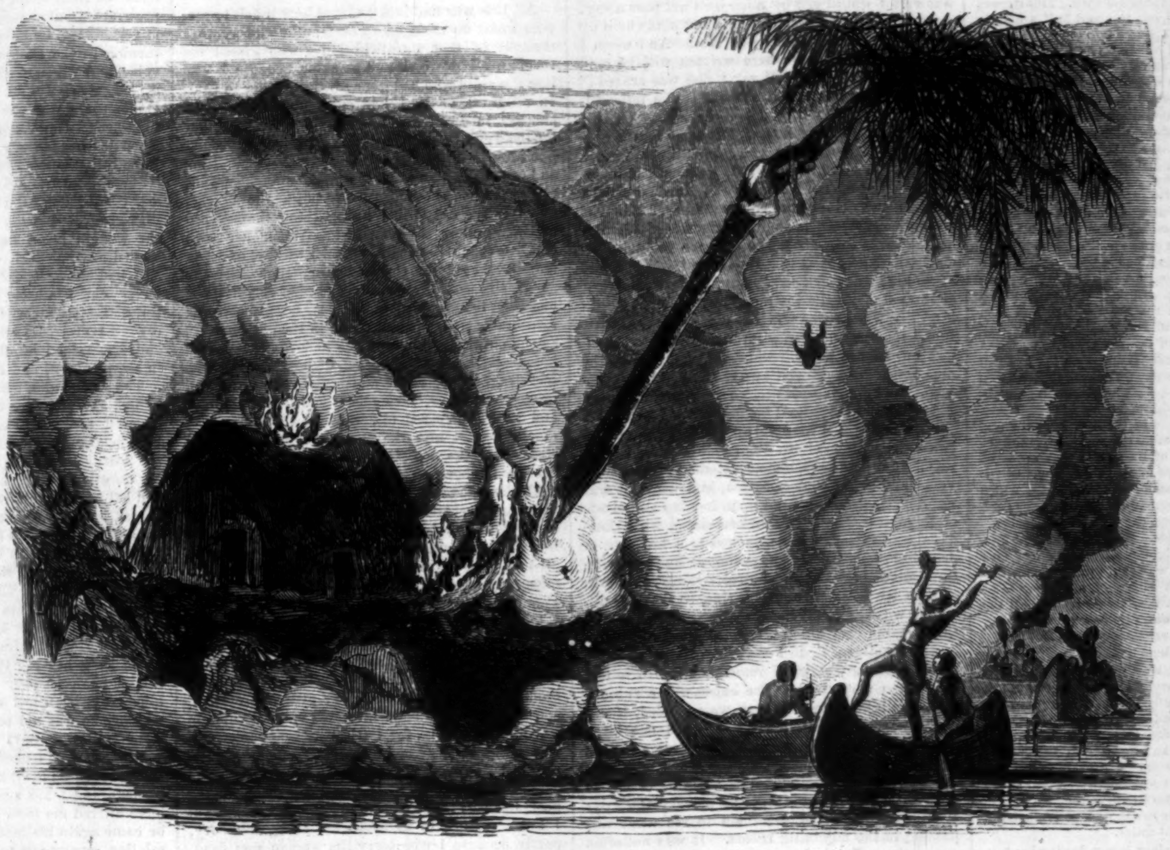
[VARIOUS SHAPES ASSUMED BY THE VOLCANIC ERUPTION.—[From a Sketch by Henry M. Whitney, Esq.]

The last mail brings us advices of a great eruption on Mauna Loa, in the Sandwich Islands. The eruption was first observed on the evening of the 23d of January, a small light appearing on the summit of the mountain. This summit light continued only for five hours after first being observed. A new crater then broke out about 7000 feet above the sea, and about half way down the side of the mountain. This crater continued in action during the night of the 23d and part of the next day, when still another and larger crater broke out about 500 feet below this, which still continued to eject immense quantities of lava up to the latest dates received from the islands. During the continuance of the eruption the atmosphere about the whole of the Sandwich Islands was very much obscured by smoke from the crater.

Hawaii, the largest of the Sandwich Islands, is made up principally of three lofty mountains, Hualalai, Mauna Kea, and Mauna Loa. During the last half century eruptions have been known only on Mauna Loa, and these occur every four or five years—the last previous one having occurred in 1855. These mountains are among the finest in the world, and are about 14,000 feet in height. Mauna Kea (the White Mountain) has not been known to break out in eruption since the discovery of the islands. Rising from the sea to a height of 14,000 feet, with its summit covered with eternal snow, it forms a grand sight. On its sides have been counted over eighty extinct craters.

Mauna Loa, which is about the same height as Mauna Kea, is the only active volcano in that archipelago. The crater of Kilauea, on the side of this mountain, has long been celebrated as one of the largest active volcanoes, and has been so often described that we pass it by with the simple remark that no unusual action has been noticed in it during the present great eruption. The peculiar formation of Mauna Loa is such that, from the sea, it forms one of the most magnificent views. Its sides and summit are as smooth as an earthen vessel; and rising as it does above the clouds, with its summit covered with snow, it is a most remarkable mountain. The present eruption was on the western slope of the mountain; and whether we consider the amount of lava ejected or the height to which it is thrown out (1000 feet), it far surpasses any eruption previously known on those islands.

A party from Honolulu, the capital of the group, visited the volcano shortly after the eruption. Their report caused so great an excitement and desire to see it that five vessels sailed, all filled with passengers, to visit the scene. Among these vessels were H. B. M. ship *Calypso*, who took thither his Majesty King Kamehameha, the British Consul-General, and a number of others. From an account furnished us by an attentive correspondent we give full particulars of the eruption, and illustrate the same with sketches taken on the spot:



THE SACRIFICE TO THE GODDESS PELE.

"Our camping-ground is located on the elevated table-land lying between the three great mountains of Hualalai, Mauna Kea, and Mauna Loa, sixteen miles inland from Kailua, and some ten miles in an air line from the crater, which lies over against us on the side of Mauna Loa, distinctly in view. This plain is some 5000 feet above the sea.

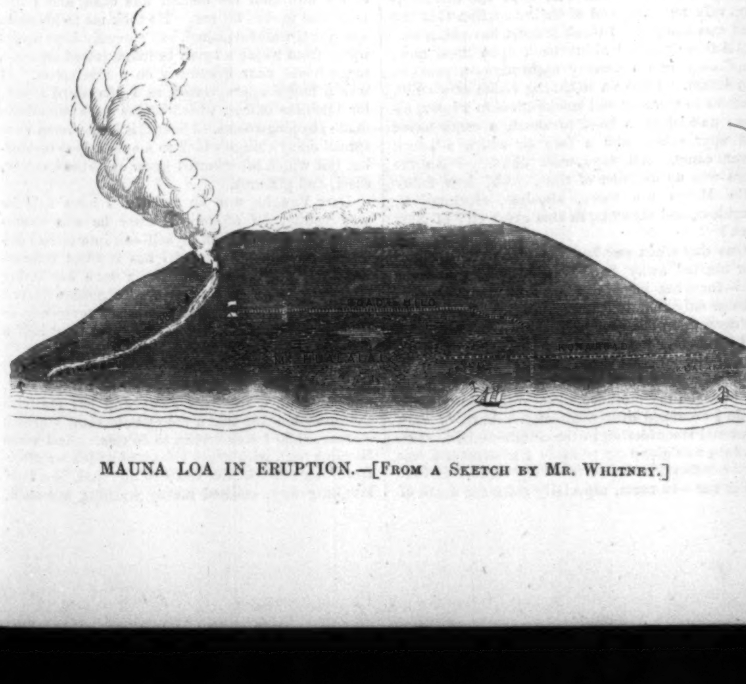
"During the daytime the light of the crater and of the lava streams is hardly perceptible. The night is the time for observation. Soon after the sun had set the molten streams began to show their courses, while the spouting of the lava from the crater became more and more distinct. The reflection of the numerous fiery streams rolling rapidly down the side of the mountain and across the plain lit up the overhanging clouds, making it as bright as moonlight for many miles around. As night advanced, and every little stream and light became more and more distinct, the scene was grand.

"This new crater, for which we can find no native name except "*Pele hou*" (the new eruption), is located on the northern slope of Mauna Loa, at an elevation of say 6500 feet above the sea, and an equal distance from the summit of the mountain. It is some ten or twelve miles westward, and about 4000 feet lower down than the last eruption of 1855, known as that of Mokuaweoweo. The course of the stream, from its source to the sea, is nearly N.W. by N. The crater bears due east from Kailua by the compass, and is about twenty-four miles from that harbor in a straight line. Its latitude, as near as we are able to determine without instruments, is 19° 37′; long. 155° 40′. By referring to a map or chart its position on the island can readily be noted. Our figures, we wish it understood, are only estimates, and accurate observations may prove that we are in error in some of them.

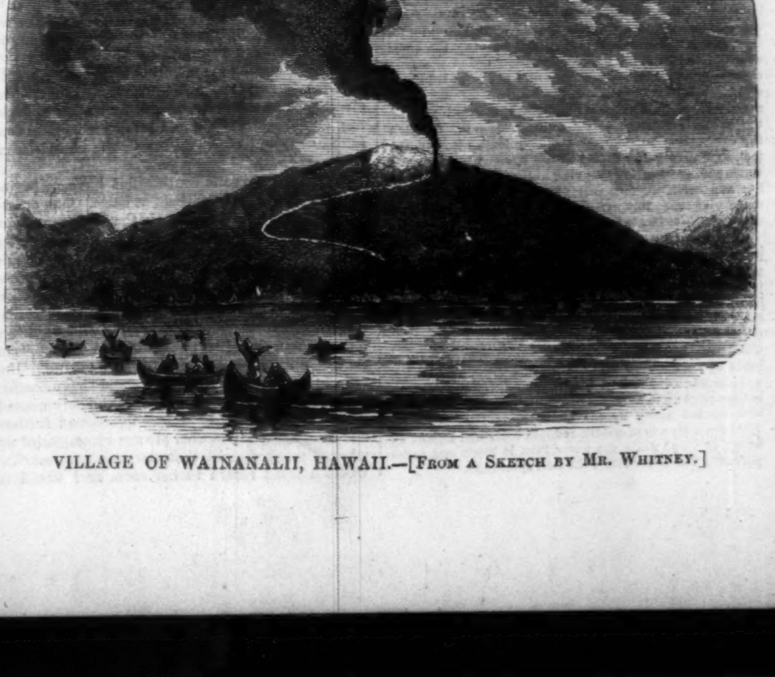
"The actual size and form of the crater can only be determined by visiting its immediate vicinity, which we were not prepared to do. From the distance at which we observed it, about ten miles, and from various points of observation, it *appeared* to be circular, its width being about equal to its breadth, and perhaps 300 feet across the mouth. This may be too moderate an estimate, and it may prove to be 500 or even 800 feet in size. The rim of the crater is surrounded or made up of cones formed from the stones and scoria thrown out, these cones constantly varying in extent, now growing in size, and again all tumbling down. The lava does not simply run out from the side of the crater like water from the side of a bowl, but is thrown up in continuous columns, very much like the Geyser springs, as represented in school geographies. At times this spouting appeared to be feeble, rising but little above the rim of the crater; but generally, as if eager to escape from the pent-up bowels of the earth, the jets rose to a height nearly equal to the base of the crater. But the columns and masses of lava thrown out were ever varying in form and height. Sometimes, when very active, a spire or cone of lava would shoot up like a rocket or in the form of a huge pyramid to a height nearly double the base of the crater. If the mouth of the crater is five hundred feet across, the perpendicular column must be eight hundred to one thousand feet in height! Then, by watching it with a spy-glass, the columns could be seen to diverge and fall in all manner of shapes, like a beautiful fountain. The accompanying outlines of the appearance of the crater at various times may help the reader to form an idea of it.

"This part of the scene was one of true grandeur—no words can convey a full idea of it to our readers. The molten fiery redness of the lava, ever varying, ever changing its form, from the simple gurgling of a spring to the hugest fountain conceivable, is a scene that, when viewed, will be painted, in all its splendor and magnificence, on the memory of the observer till death. Large boulders of red-hot lava stone, weighing hundreds if not thousands of tons, thrown up with inconceivable power high above the liquid mass, a distance of one thousand feet, could be occasionally seen falling outside or on the rim of the crater, tumbling down the cones and rolling over the precipice, remaining brilliant for a few moments, then becoming cold and black, were lost among the mass of surrounding lava. So awfully grand, so beautiful was this ever-varying scene, that one who sees it from a good position can not help watching it with intense delight and increasing excitement for hours together; the only drawback being the severe cold of the night, against which travelers should be provided.

"A dense heavy column of smoke continually rose out from the crater, but always on the north side, and took a northeasterly direction, rising in one continuous column far above the mountain, to a height of, perhaps, 10,000 feet above the crater. This smoke hovers over that island, and, indeed, all the islands, and must at times, when the trade-wind lulls, obstruct the view.



MAUNA LOA IN ERUPTION.—[From a Sketch by Mr. Whitney.]



VILLAGE OF WAINANALII, HAWAII.—[From a Sketch by Mr. Whitney.]

During our stay, however, it passed off from the mountain, leaving the lower atmosphere quite clear. We watched closely to observe whether any *steam* could be seen issuing, either from the crater or from any of the streams of lava, but could not see any thing that could be called steam or vapor, unless occasionally very slight indications along some of the lava streams. None rose from the crater itself—only a dense, heavy smoke, which came up out of the mouth itself. Considerable smoke rose along the stream as the molten lava came in contact with trees and vegetable masses, but the mass of smoke came from the crater itself. Steam was noticed in various places on the plain, issuing from the rocks, and near one of the camps the heat was so intense that a tea-kettle could be boiled over it. But this steam was undoubtedly caused by the heat of the flowing lava, which was about a mile distant, coming in contact with pools of water in caves or pits.

"On leaving the crater, the lava stream does not appear for some distance, say an eighth of a mile, as it has cut its way through a deep ravine or gulch, which hides it from the eye. How deep this gulch is we can only conjecture, it being impossible to get near enough to look into it, but it is probably several hundred feet deep. The first, then, that we see of the lava after being thrown up in the crater is its branching out into streams some distance below the fountain-head. Instead of running in one large stream, it parts and divides into a great number—perhaps as many as fifty—spreading out over a tract of five or six miles in width. For the first few miles from the crater the descent is very rapid, and the flow of the lava varies from four to ten miles an hour, according to the descent. But after it reaches the plain, where it is level, it moves slower. Here the streams are not so numerous as higher up, there being a principal one which varies and is very tortuous—from an eighth to a quarter mile in width, though there are frequent short branches running off from it. This principal stream reached the sea at Wainanalii, a small village about fifteen miles from the port of Kawaihae, on the 31st, after a flow of eight days from the time that the eruption commenced on the 23d of January. This stream, on reaching the sea, spread out to about half a mile in width. The sight of it as it poured into the ocean, forming clouds of steam several hundred feet high, is represented by those who saw it as very beautiful.

"Wainanalii, the village which was destroyed by the eruption, contained a population of sixty or seventy persons. Not a vestige of a habitation or of any plant or tree has been left, so complete was the destruction. The natives say that the lava came so suddenly about midnight that the inhabitants had barely time to escape, some taking to their canoes, while others ran off in various directions. They also report that a woman and child were inclosed by the fiery stream and consumed. The husband heard the cracking noise and ran out to learn the cause, and, without presence of mind to attempt to save his wife and child, fled for his life. The woman was soon awaked by the noise, but only to find her house encircled by the molten lava. Closer and closer the fiery stream drew around, till it reached the hut, and soon consumed it. Taking her child in her arms she climbed up a cocoanut-tree; but still the stream advanced and soon reached its roots, burning it off, when the tree fell and woman and child were thrown into the liquid red-hot lava stream and perished—a sacrifice, as the natives believe, to their heathen goddess, *Pele.*

"Some of the finest scenes of the flow were the cascades or falls formed in it before the stream reached the plain. There were several of these, and they appeared to be changing and new ones formed in different localities as new streams were made. One, however, which remained without change for two days, must have been 80 to 100 feet in height. First there was a fall, then below it were cascades or rapids. To watch this fall during the night when the bright red-hot stream of lava was flowing over it at the rate of ten miles an hour, like water, was a scene not often witnessed, and never to be forgotten. In fact, the lava near its source had all the characteristics of a river of water flowing rapidly along, and gurgling with cascades, rapids, currents, and falls.

"On reaching the plain, where it is more level, the lava of course moves along more slowly and in one general stream less divided than above. The stream which had reached the sea had apparently ceased flowing and was cooled over, so that we crossed and recrossed it in many places, and through the fissures we could see the molten lava with its red-hot glow, an intense heat issuing out from them. In many places the surface was so hot that the soles of our shoes would have been burned had we not kept in rapid motion. The length of the lava stream from the crater to where it enters the sea at Wainanalii, is estimated to be thirty-eight miles.

"The tract over which the lava is now flowing is a barren waste, uninhabited, except by wild hogs. Formerly wild cattle roamed over it, but they have been driven to the side of Mauna Kea, which furnishes better food. We are not aware that any valuable land has been overrun, except it be near the village of Wainanalii, where the stream entered the sea.

"On the afternoon of our arrival at the camping-ground a new stream started some few miles below the crater, which had evidently been dammed up by some obstruction, and came rushing down with tremendous noise and fury through the thick jungle which lay in its track, burning the cracking trees, and sending up a thick smoke almost as dense as that from the crater. This stream, from the time it broke away from its embankment, moved along two miles an hour till it reached the vicinity of our camp, when its progress was checked, and it moved not more than a quarter of a mile an hour. But it formed a grand sight. Here was a stream of lava rolling over the plain, twenty to twenty-five feet in height, and an eighth of a mile in width, though its width varied a great deal, sometimes broader, sometimes narrower. It was, in fact, a mass or pile of red-hot stones, resembling a pile of coals on fire, borne along by the liquid lava stream underneath. As it moved slowly along, large red boulders would roll down the sides, breaking into a thousand small stones, crushing and burning the trees which lay in the track. It is impossible to give a true conception of the immense force and power of this lava stream, bearing along as it does an almost inconceivable mass. It reminds us most vividly of the breaking up of the ice in a large river, only the imagination must stretch the comparison and suppose the ice piled up twenty-five feet, and thus borne along by the current beneath, the whole width of the river moving at the same time, crashing and breaking and piling up cones and irregular masses on top. But even this comparison is far below the reality—to be conceived it must be seen.

"We visited the lava stream four or five times, both in the day and night. In the day-time, however, it appeared robbed of its peculiar beauty. Owing to the intense heat it could not be approached safely within a hundred feet, yet some of our party anxious to outdo the rest, ventured to the stream itself, and with long sticks raked out small specimens of red-hot lava stones, which they brought away as mementos. This stream is made up for the most part of the dross of the lava, which as it becomes cooled crumbles into stones and rocks, and is thus piled up to a height of twenty or twenty-five feet, and carried along by the more liquid lava below it. This dross lava is of a dark-reddish color and almost as heavy as iron, while the purer lava is black and more porous. The latter forms the best specimens.

"About three o'clock A.M. we started to visit the new stream which had been rushing down during the night, and was glowing with intense heat. It moved slowly over the plain near our camp. On reaching it, we would stand by a small tree 100 feet distant, and, as it advanced, retreat before it. In fifteen minutes the tree was reached, burned, and the spot where we stood covered by the irresistible stream. Once, while standing on a rock with several others, perhaps 200 feet from the stream, a loud ringing noise was heard as if the rock had been struck by an immense sledge-hammer. We started, not knowing but the goddess Pele was under and after us, but soon found our alarm groundless, the noise having probably been caused by the liquid lava running under ground and suddenly filling up a cave beneath us. A little while after a singular scene presented itself—the appearance of a man sitting on a rock and riding along on the top of the fiery lava stream. So deceptive was this illusion that several of the party, when it was first observed, looked around to see if one of their number had not by accident got into the stream. The life-like image moved slowly along, till suddenly his head tumbled off, and the whole image soon disappeared."

IN LIFE AND IN DEATH.

The doctor has just gone. He says nothing is necessary for me now but quiet and nourishing food. How weak all this sounds to me; and how I despise all the short-sighted and stereotyped theories! He is kind; and he says I must recover—in truth, that I am well now, and there is nothing wanted but nursing. And I, how well I know I am dying! How have I counted the life passing away day by day; how plainly do I count the vitality I am paying away piece by piece, like coin—not prodigally, and yet not grudgingly! "Thy will, not mine, be done, O Lord!" Thou knowest I would not by mine own act pass away. And still Thou knowest I would not abide here by mine own will. I must join him. And when I am gone what I have here written will be read sneeringly, and they will say "She was crazed!" I am willing; and still I would not die unheard, that all the world may know my love. Of this there can be no dispute, though it be an insane one.

My first recollection goes back over twelve years, when I, a girl of seven, wandered barefoot and ragged through the streets of New York with a woman who claimed to be my mother. She was not my mother—this I know instinctively—though no word was ever spoken to lead me to such conclusion. And yet at that time I believed she was of no kin; and each succeeding thought has but confirmed me in the instinct. I remember thinking then, when I was seven or eight years old, that I had some memory of a former time, when comfort and friends had surrounded me; but now the memory of it has passed away, and I have only a memory of a memory.

My mother (so called) begged. My recollection wavers between three points: The stone ledge that holds the railing of St. Paul's Church in Broadway, where we took our accustomed seat as a favorable spot for that vocation, and where it was my duty to drop my head upon her lap and sleep, or feign it. The next spot associated with those days was a back room attached to a low bar, or drinking shop, kept by a woman, and entering from some of the wretched streets lying just north of the City Hall. Very near this, so that the difficulty was not great in reaching it when my mother became very much intoxicated, was our lodging—a small room, if I may so call it, to reach which, up many stairs, I remember my little feet were often very tired. The house was a ruinous frame building; and the part we occupied, if my memory serves right, must have been one large room partitioned into many small ones; and that so badly done, that not only were we recipients of our neighbors' noise, but the gaping cracks in the rough boards gave them no privacy from our eyes when we would use them to see what was passing in the adjoining rooms. It was not often my mother offered either to see or hear after once reaching the room. She would crawl to the corner where the rags that formed her bed were gathered, and where they lay from day to day, and week to week, untouched, save by the pressure of her body. And from this she would not rise until far into the following day, when the old routine would again be enacted. With me it was much the same. I did not, from the moment of entering the room at night until the time of departure next day, think of leaving it. I did not suffer hunger. I had always plenty to eat from the victuals that charity would bestow on my asking them at different houses, where I went daily on that errand. For though my mother gained much money by her begging none of it was ever spent on food, or on aught save drink. I therefore begged food enough for us both; and sometimes a bit of dress or a half-worn pair of shoes would be given me. In winter it was I suffered most. Then the cold would freeze me; and many times I know I should have frozen to death, sitting there—under that great church steeple, where the thousands of well-dressed, happy-looking people were going by—but that my mother, when she found me in that torpid state, would pull me to my feet, and hurry me down a cross street toward the river, where, by slapping, shaking, and threats, she would bring me back to consciousness, and reconvey me to the church front again.

How long this life continued I have no means of knowing. It was varied but little. One or two incidents only broke through the monotony, and they seem too trivial for relation. One was that a lady—oh! so beautiful, and looking so good, and at whose house I daily begged food—took me one day by the hand, and led me to the basement room. When there she asked my name. It was the first time I had thought of the necessity of having a name, when, after I had answered her "Mary," she said, "What more?" I did not understand. But soon I was made to know that I should have another name, but I had not. Mary was the only name I had ever been called. I was questioned further, and I told that my mother always accompanied me when I begged, and that she was now outside, where I must return to her soon, or I would be whipped. Then the lady asked me would I bring my mother in there to her? I said I would, if she would come; and I was gone for her in a moment, for I knew that nothing but good was intended me in that house, or by that hand that took mine, dirty and red as it was, and warmed it in her own before the fire.

I had hard persuasion to bring my mother in. She made questions before she would go, the principal of which seemed to be that she might ascertain there were no men there; and on my assurance that there was no one there but a lady and her servant, she let me lead her in.

I shall forever remember the conversation of that morning between my mother and that fair lady. It was the only evidence that ever occurred to me suggesting any truth in the assumption that this woman was really my mother. The lady wanted me; she would adopt me as her own child. The woman would not resign me. I heard the lady offer her money. I saw her draw from her pocket yellow money, which afterward I knew to be gold, and lay it by handfuls on the table, that she might take if she would leave me. No, no, no! and I went away from that stately house and that beautiful lady, with two of those pieces she had given me, which my mother took from me at the corner; and never after would she allow me to beg in that street. This incident made a slight change in our lives, in as far as my mother did not leave the room for several weeks; while I went daily with a bottle which I brought filled from the woman who kept the neighboring shop, and a single loaf, which loaf my mother divided with me. At the end of this time the money was gone, and we reverted to our usual life.

All this was nothing, and yet how much to me, who knew no change! For months and years I thought of that beautiful lady, who kissed me through all my dirt and squalor because I was like the child who had gone away from her to God. In all these years I had only this incident and another to dwell on. A woman who, with her husband and two children, dwelt in the next room, had often, while lying awake against the partition and awaiting the coming of the man at night, talked to me in whispers through the cracks. She was the only other living thing that offered me communion or sympathy. When her own children would be sleeping and I awake, as I frequently would lie through more than half the night, she would tell me how, in her girl-life, she had been handsome and gay; how her father was a respectable tradesman at home, in the old country, as she expressed it; how she had run away from home and come to America with this man, who had dragged her lower and lower with drink and crime; and now, how she dreaded his coming, and how she feared him, and how all love was gone. "But ah! the children!" And then I could hear the poor thing lie there and sob, sob, heavily for hours. And the man would come in. And then I would hear oaths, and curses, and blows, and sometimes, I am sure, kicks—that dull, heavy sound that I knew must be produced by the brute's foot against the flesh of the woman. And all this time nothing of a sound came from her, excepting occasionally an oh! of pain or a groan. Poor, poor thing! I never knew her name, but I have never forgotten her. And one morning when I awakened, after having listened to a scene of this kind of more than common violence the night before, I heard strange voices in the next room, and soon the door of our own was opened, and a rough voice bade me come out. I came in fear and trembling, for I felt sure that something was about to happen of more than common import. I followed the man to the next room, and there I saw the woman lying on her back on the floor, her face covered with blood. She was dead. I knew enough to know that. I began to cry, partly because I was sorry the woman was dead, and partly from the fact that I saw her children crying, and partly, as I think, from an undefined feeling of terror. The men must have been the coroner and his assistants, or the jury. They questioned the children, and myself, and my mother. She knew nothing of it, and I could only tell what I had heard the night before. While I was telling my story two men came in bringing the woman's husband between them. All that I said was written down on paper, and a long time after a man came and brought myself and my mother to a large room, where I saw many gentlemen, and where I again saw the woman's husband. There again I told my story, and several gentlemen spoke to me kindly, and gave me silver money, which my mother also took away. This, I have since thought, was the man's trial; but what was his ultimate fate I am unable to say, though I have a vague recollection of hearing my mother and the woman who kept the drinking-shop talk together, and of their assertion that the man was hanged. I think it must have been so.

All those years, looking back upon them now, seem only like a dreamy nightmare—a passionless dream. I have a sickening vision of a child, shoeless in summer and stockingless in winter, always unwashed, a head to which a comb never had approached, and a face on which a laugh never came. All days were alike. With me there was no division of time. Ah! how many little Marys are there, shoeless, stockingless, laughless, and timeless, in this great city of New York!

One day when our begging was over my mother started away to the upper portions of the city—for what purpose, I have no remembrance. I know only that it was very cold, and the snow lay deep upon the ground. We walked very far, and staid some hours at a hovel built much as the huts of the laborers are built on the lines of railway under construction. There there was drinking between my mother and several other women, while I crouched over a bit of fire built of bark chips and smouldering in the chimney-place, while a potato was given me to eat. I remember I was very comfortable, for it was very seldom we had fire at our own room, especially since the death of the woman. She sometimes in very cold weather would give me some shreds of wood, and bid me build a blaze to warm my feet.

I was very comfortable and dozy when I was called to go. It seemed long after dark when we got upon the street, and fresh snow was coming down very fast with a great deal of wind. We walked on, I following my mother, as was my custom, a few steps in the rear. I knew she was much intoxicated, not only from her walk, but from the few people whom we met turning their heads to look at her as they went by. Presently she staggered farther than usual and fell. It was nothing unusual for me to see. I therefore stood still, as I usually did, until she would rise. A long time she lay so, and many people passed by. Some came and looked, and then went on; but by and by a man in ragged clothes, with a piece of wood on his shoulder and a tin kettle in his hand, came up. He looked at me, and then bent over my mother. I heard him say, "What's the matter, lass?" and take her by the arm, by which she was turned over so that her face could be seen. I saw him put his fingers to her eyes, and then very quickly put down the piece of wood and make an attempt to get her up. And then laying her down, he looked around in every direction. Soon he called to another man, almost as poor-looking as himself, who was leaving a grocery opposite; and between them they took her up and carried her over to the grocery, while I followed. The man who kept the place did not want them to lay her down on the floor by his stove, and an altercation arose about this. While the words were high, there came a young man from the front shop, who looked a moment at the prostrate woman and took her wrist between his fingers. He laid her hand quietly down, and turning to the shop-keeper, he said in a subdued voice, and yet in a way that carried meaning with it, "Let the woman lie: she is dead." Dead! While there was one spark of life the miserable shop-keeper could demand her removal; but now, when death was there, in a moment all was stilled. Nobody had noticed me, but I had heard the words "She is dead," and I cried and sobbed as quietly as I could; but yet I was heard in the stillness of that group. I really had nothing to cry for. In the woman lying dead before me I had never known any one trait by which I could love her. She had never spoken kindly to me. She had never cared whether I suffered, hungered, or thirsted. How could I love her? and why did I cry? I remembered the woman who gave me chips, and who talked kindly to me through the chinks in the partition, and I cried still more.

The young man who had said she was dead came to me, and stooping down brushed the hair back from my face with his hand, and asked my name; then he asked me who was the woman lying upon the floor. I told him all I could tell in answer to his questions; and then he took me by the hand and led me into the front shop, and set me up on a barrel, and gave me a cracker, while he looked at me steadily for quite a long time. He was a very young man, almost a boy, with very dark hair and eyes. I remember thinking at the time that he looked very much like the beautiful lady who would have taken me to live with her. Whether this was really so, or whether the comparison came from my great admiration for the lady, and thereby making her my type for the beautiful in all things, I can not say. I only know that I thought him very beautiful at the time, and wondered whether he was not some great man with pockets full of yellow money.

When he had looked at me a long while he went away, bidding me sit still where I was until he returned; and I am sure no other command would have stirred me from that spot. And then when he came again his first question was, "Had I any relation, or any one to whom I wished to go?" It did not take me long to answer this, though I did not well understand it. And then he said, "Would I go with him?"

Had I been pampered in luxury, and bred as high-born children are bred, I believe it would have been equally the same as regards my answer. Would I go? Where else would I have gone that cold, snowy night? He took me by the hand and led me away. I was then about nine years old, and should have been a large girl, but I was not; I hardly think I was larger than I should have been at seven. I thought many things as I passed along the snowy street, wrapped in the coat which he had taken from himself and put about me; but one thing I remember thinking most—I had heard of angels, and knew they were some description of beings who came to the earth to take us to a better place. This was my conception, and I thought he must be an angel sent to take care of me now that my mother was dead, and I had none else to care for me. He took me to his room—a quiet, well-furnished, but slovenly-kept apartment, from which a small bedroom jutted off—in a large house near Broadway on a side street. It was a house appropriated, as I afterward found, for business offices, which offices were sometimes made sleeping-rooms. About this larger room were spread many things which to me then were mysteries, but which afterward I knew as pallets, colors, easel, and pictures.

Dorr Vaughn was an artist. I have said he was young. I afterward knew he was exactly ten years older than myself—an immaterial difference of time when a girl has reached womanhood, but an age constituting a man her father while she is not yet twelve. I therefore looked upon him with the same feeling of reverence as though he had been my senior by at least half a century.

That night he gave me water, towels, soap, and bade me wash. I tried, in as far as I knew how, to obey him. He went away and left me with the same delicacy that a man would show a grown woman while I was trying to do this. And when he came back with many things of which we afterward made supper, he came to me, and, in a half laughing way, assisted me by washing my neck, and my ears, and then my hair, which afterward he dried in the towel and combed out before the fire. When all this was done, Dorr led me before a glass, and I looked at myself clean and combed for the first time in my life. I could also see his face in the glass, and on it was a pleased expression. I felt glad, therefore, that I was clean-faced, for I saw he liked me better; and then, and for all time forward, I would have done all things to please him.

I hope I shall not dwell too long on those days, and still to my memory there is a charm about them beyond all telling—that emerging from a state of callous animal wretchedness to a feeling of humanity! Oh! the many charming little things that happened! I was like one to whom the senses of sight and hearing had just been given. The dresses, the shoes, the clothes, and the many as I really thought gorgeous things that came to me as it were by magic! And with it all I was not proud, only as far as they pleased him, and I am sure in all my ignorance and dearth of perceptive faculty I must even then have pleased him. He would sit for hours in the evening talking to me, and hearing all my relation of the past. Many times over he made me tell him of the beautiful lady, and of the woman who talked to me through the chinks in the wall, in sympathy with which he would sigh; and then he would laugh so heartily at what he would term my droll or quaint questions, when my desire for knowledge drove me to act inquisitor. Oh, happy, happy days! when he, creating me a new soul, made it in likeness of his own!

I grew in body as in mind. I had no instructor but Dorr. He, making my toil a pastime, led me gradually up from the first day when he pointed out to me the letter A, until I stood side by side with him in his readings and longings. In all things had I changed—even in name. He said I should no longer be Mary, I should be called Waif; and Waif Vaughn I was from that day forth until now. Not in one single thought did I ever dream of an opposing element. Were not our minds created from one great whole? Had he not taken the lifeless flesh and breathed into it the breath of mind? He was myself; I could not oppose myself.

And the years went on, while I learned more and more to worship him. Love would be too weak a word. I knew none else. I spoke with none else. To me there was but one man in all the world. When he was present I was complete, and could commune within myself. When he was absent my soul went out after him. And wherever he went I knew all his goings and comings, his fears, his hopes, and his aspirations, as well when he was away from my sight as though he were present. I did not require him by my side that I might speak with him. Distance parted us only in body.

And the years, as I say, rolled away, and I was very happy. And as a natural sequence of my happiness came beauty. I know it came to me, even without his telling. Every woman knows her own beauty and can gauge it: she who denies this simply affects an ignorance for the hunger of flattery. I grew beautiful because I was happy: what woman will not be with the air of peace and love stamped upon her? And I was proud of my beauty, as I had been of my first clothes, because it pleased him. He sent the blood thrilling to my heart by saying so. He had no fear of intoxicating me with flattery. For even after he had introduced me in his great picture, on which he hung so much hope of reputation, he led me one night to the Academy, and placed me where I could hear not only the praises of his art but the enthusiasm of the admirers who selected out this figure as the ideal of all their standard of loveliness. I know all this sounds like egotism, but it matters so little to me now, save only to show the nobility of his nature, that I tell it regardless of criticism.

I was seventeen. Eight years I had been with Dorr Vaughn, and as I never asked, or in any way sought the opinion of the world, I could not tell what their expression might have been with regard to this. I knew not, and cared not, whether they believed him my brother, my father, or my husband. I knew him as my world and was content. I was seventeen by my established birthday, which we had made by counting me nine years old the day he brought me home. I had no other record of my birth. And on that day I was seventeen. It was a bright, cold day, the 1st of December—I was awaiting his return anxiously that day more than common. It had always been a holiday with us, but more so on this special occasion by the accession of a new carpet to our large room, and several articles of furniture, which I had proudly and secretly bought with the money paid for my first picture. I was now an artist; I had been paid for my pencil. He came in glowing with manly beauty, and gazed around with such a look of boyish delight. Ah! such a change as had been wrought in those three rooms (another had been added for me) since I came there! We would not leave the spot where our first days had been passed, but the dull, musty, slovenly look was all gone, and flowers and birds were in the windows, and the books, pencils, pallets, and canvas were in their places. In short, a woman had been there, and her spirit reigned. And he looked at it all with such a bright look, I can liken it to nothing but the sky, clear and cloudless. He took me in his arms, and smoothing back my hair, even as he had done that long day agone when he first asked my name, he kissed me.

"Waif," he said, "we will be married to-day."

It made my heart give a great jump, and for a moment I thought it was death come to me suddenly. Of this no word had ever passed between us, and yet I knew well, while our hearts and our souls had lain together so many years, that this whispering had passed continually between them, but until this moment there had been no utterance. I was not surprised, I was not troubled that this great jump should come to my heart. There are no words coined that can be put together and express my meaning—the nearest would be a great joy, too great for belief, too great for mental utterance. Ours was a short wooing, if a wooing shall be counted in the language of the world. But oh! how long were it counted in mine own! He led me forth and within the hour we were married. There were no relatives to bid to the wedding, no groomsmen or stately satined bridemaids to swell our splendor. We were simply joining two hands by the laws of the land; the hearts and souls had been one since the first creation.

And now all the love that had burned for so many years came forth in words. Words that came thrilling from a passion pent beneath our great love. Once more I lived my child life, and made him a child with me. Not the child life I had known in reality, but a dreamy and playful life—living forever in the sunshine, seeing wild pleasure in all things; we sang, we laughed, we romped together—there was no act too absurd or childish. It was our only expression of joy. It was in one of these wild moments, after I had been painting his face in imitation of the tattoo, taking one of his plates of costume for my model, and using India ink for my working material, that he proposed to "brand" me, as he jokingly termed it. I hailed the proposition with a laugh of consent. I had heard of the sailors using India ink for this purpose, and by puncturing with a needle over the spot making whatever they had drawn on the skin indelible. I would therefore be marked by him; he should "brand" me as his property now and forever. And with all the charm of a childish freak I was marked upon my right shoulder, IN LIFE AND IN DEATH, DORR VAUGHN.

In a few days, when he found the mark could not be effaced, he was filled with regret. Not so with myself. I wore my "brand" as I would a precious jewel, and willingly would have shown it to all the world. It was this "brand," I believe, that led into the train of thought which afterward brought the mutual pledge, given half jokingly, half earnest, that should either die they would revisit and claim the survivor. How little I thought of this can be readily understood when it is known that I looked upon death and separation only as I would have looked upon some vague word without meaning. I had no realization of death striking one and not both. I could not think it would be possible that I should exist one moment after he had passed away. That which he had infused must cease to exist with him. I did not say this to him in words, but I am convinced he knew it was my thought. For hours would he lean over me, seeming to be content only in looking upon me, and withdrawing suddenly as though awaking from a dream, with only one kiss upon that branded shoulder; and many times have I opened my eyes from my night slumber, and found him leaning above me in the same fixed attitude.

It is but a repetition of weak, common phrases any attempt to describe this absorption of soul—this passion, that is ever punished when yielded to beyond the boundary set by the one great Power above us, who demands our love before all things human or worldly. We had forgotten all, even God.

Two years we had been wedded. One shadow only came between us. We were childless. How our greatest of regrets can become our greatest of solaces! How earnestly thankful am I now that my desires were not answered. Even had the greater sorrow not have fallen upon me, I should possibly, in the coming of a child, found a divided worship, or given one.

One day—again the anniversary of my birth—I arose with a spring. Dorr still slept—an occurrence of such rarity that I hesitated by his side for a long time looking at him. His breathing was heavy, his cheek was flushed, and his lips dry. I stooped to kiss them, and he awoke with a start. For the first time since my birth I looked into his eyes with pain. Fever and prostration were there, and a pang of terror shot to my heart that my belief should not be realized, and he should be stricken by any bodily pain or sickness that I should not equally feel. It was now only I felt how utterly helpless I was to aid him. I must call assistance, and give into hired hands that which was dearer to me than forty lives. Oh! the responsibility that is intrusted to the physician and the nurse, can they know it or feel it? He came. The man on whom hung all my future, all my here and hereafter, came carelessly, and looked upon him, asked a few questions, walked about the room looking at the pictures, wrote a few unintelligible words upon a scrap of paper, and went away leaving me full of hope. Terrible hope! I shall not offer to tell the events of this day. I can not tell them. From the moment of the doctor leaving the room Dorr fell into an uneasy sleep, and when he awoke it was to speechlessness and a few dying struggles. My screams of terror brought many about us. He stretched forward his arms; there was no sound upon his tongue, but oh! such words in his eyes. I saw and heard them all. His soul was speaking to me; and with one long clasp he kissed my lips, and lastly my branded shoulder, and fell back upon the pillow—dead!

I do not remember for many days. On my first consciousness I was in a strange place, with an elderly woman standing beside my bed, who placed her hand kindly upon my forehead, and bade me lie still when I offered to rise. I asked for Dorr, and she told me of the past few days, and I remembered all. She begged that I would lie still; the doctor had so ordered it. Yes, I would lie still, perhaps I would die yet. I lay there all that afternoon until nearly dusk, much of the time with my eyes closed, but with no desire for sleep. When the sun had nearly set, and the woman was asleep in her chair, I felt distinctly a kiss upon my shoulder, my branded shoulder. I opened my eyes with a start, and there hanging over me, with the same look and in the same way, was Dorr Vaughn. I could have screamed had my joy been only of the common kind, but I uttered not a sound; only I threw my arms out, as in his last moments he had done, and clasped him to me. He was gone, and I had fainted, as the woman told me when, some time after dark, I recovered, and found her bathing me with restoratives. All that night, and all next day, I looked for his return. I thought then, if it were but a dream or excited fancy, I would give all the world for its repeated occurrence. The next day at precisely the same time I felt the kiss upon my shoulder, and he was with me again, and again I sought to embrace him, followed by a like result. How I bewailed my folly in driving him from me! I was better now, and would sit up. To-morrow he would come again; and I was right. Upon my shoulder came his kiss, and until the darkness fell he leaned over me as in life, looking into my eyes as he was wont to do, speechlessly. I knew no difference. I have hovered between my chair and the bed, and each day at the hour he died, at the moment I received his last kiss in life, I receive his kiss now. He waits patiently for my coming. I await patiently the dying out of the flame that I may join him. I live now only in that little hour he is with me. But I know soon we will be again together forever. I am his, in Life and in Death.

LENORE.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

I lie awake, I can not rest,
My heart is breaking in my breast;
Yet wert thou with me as of yore,
My sorrow was not less, but more!
Ah! Lenore!

I can not sleep, I wake and weep,
My soul is like a troubled deep;
For thou art vanished, gone before,
To some unknown and awful shore!
Ah! Lenore!

THE WEEKLY FARMER.

NAKED FALLOWS FOR WHEAT.

The anticipated letter by the *Prince Albert* from the Irish farmer who explained to us the *green crop system* on *fallowing* land, and which was referred to in our last article on wheat, has been received, and we make such extracts as are valuable and interesting:

"Now for the fulfillment of my promise as regards our mode of cultivating fallows for the wheat crop. In my last letter it was observed that this kind of preparation should never be resorted to except in cases where manuring and green cropping are out of the power of the farmer. This remark, be it remembered, is based upon the fact that fallowing means a year's non-producing 'rest' of the soil, a consideration especially where land, as in this country, commands a high rent of sufficient importance to justify very serious objections. But fallows continue to be extensively and profitably cultivated in many of our finest wheat-producing districts. Although it may be urged that the farmer, so far as this system of husbandry enters into his practice, has to pay two years' rent for one crop, yet I never knew a farmer who would admit that he had lost by a well-prepared fallow-field. A large proportion of the splendid yields and equally beautiful specimens of Upper and Lower Ormonde, in Tipperary, as well as those of many of the best wheat baronies of this my own King's County, is the product of *fallows*. Even lands brought down to the verge of sterility by the exhausting abuse of an undue succession of cereals, may, with the 'rest' of a single season and a proper system of treatment, be so far restored to a condition of productiveness as fully to compensate the farmer for the labor bestowed as well as for the term of idleness referred to.

"The heaviest soils, especially if resting upon a lime-stone bottom, are the best adapted to fallowing. Light soils or those of a sandy nature, and, as is generally the case, underlaid by a sharp, gravelly substratum, will never make good fallows: the crop, however promising it may appear under the genial sunshine and showers of April, will be sure to turn yellow before the end of May, and at no future stage will it resume those healthful hues which inspired the earlier hopes of the husbandman.

"Few of our farmers are so blind to the teachings of observation and experience as to be found expending the labor necessary for the proper preparation of fallows on soils unsuited to the profitable prosecution of this branch of agricultural industry, and it therefore only remains to give you the mode of practice usually followed, and which secures successful results. The land '*skin*,' or stubble, we usually turn up with a first plowing in winter. This causes the porosity of the soil to be increased, and an easy and certain escape for surface water. The latter, in the case of retentive soils, if left to the slow processes of *evaporation* and *percolation*, without facilitating its escape by this timely plowing, will materially contribute to that early consolidation of the land which will be sure to tell severely both on plow and plowman, especially if their operations be deferred until the heats of an approaching summer have exercised their influence in imparting a brick-like solidity to the entire surface. By a timely breaking up of the soil in winter we greatly facilitate future operations. A sharp *cross cutting*, latter end of May or beginning of June, always regulating our depth by the character of the sub-soil, opens the way for the harrow, an implement which can not be too frequently used, always, however, making sure to select dry weather for its employment. The summer's heat and sunlight, alternating with the refreshing dews and showers, *make* the fallow, but their action must be aided by an incessant presenting of new surfaces to their influence; and the harrow, not only as an effective *disturber* of the more solid particles of the soil, but as a deadly enemy to weeds and fungi of all kinds, can hardly be kept in too constant operation. The judicious tiller will give each alternate harrowing at right angles to the former one. With good *teeth*, and weighted if necessary, the harrow will be sure to do its part of the work.

"In the month of August we usually give our third plowing. This time a fresh body, not previously acted upon by the disturbing agencies of surface culture, is turned up from its depths below the reach of the harrow tooth, to be submitted in its turn to the same process of mechanical disintegration, and the same influences of light, heat, dews, and showers, as have already worked out their mighty changes in that portion of the soil which now takes its place below. At this stage of preparation it is desirable to permit the newly-upturned surface to get well crusted in the sun before putting on the harrow. Weed-roots, if any exist, will require a good scorching to kill them, and the harrow, the implement of final destruction, always acts with more telling effect when the surface of the soil is a little baked and sharpened by sun and air. A neat plowing, at right angles with the intended line of the seed ridges, and at least two thorough cross-harrowings, the last one immediately preceding the putting in of the seed, will be necessary to complete the process. From the middle of October, when dark days prevail, until the second week of November is our favorite time for getting in the crop. Dry weather has always been found disadvantageous at this important time, and we are still forced to respect the maxim of those who have gone before us: 'Wait until the blood is in the ground.'

"A term of preparation extending over so many months necessarily affords the farmer an opportunity for attending to many things in connection with the space under treatment which might otherwise have a less immediate claim upon his attention. Rocks, boulders, and such other impediments to the free working of the plow and harrow, as may happen to have escaped notice, or be neglected under less favorable circumstances, should now be carefully removed. Sandy or barren spots requiring an additional depth of soil should also be coated with plenty of such earth as may be best adapted to their requirements. There are few fields even of ten acres so free from *eye sores* as not to present many spots upon which attention at this period might be profitably concentrated. The good farmer never fails to turn the fallowing period to account in the way of permanent improvement. Drains and fences should not be neglected at this time of general overhauling; and while the protection of the crop is entirely to depend on the latter, so its growth and development are sure to be influenced for good or otherwise by the condition of the former.

"Fallows thus prepared, with proper attention to the selection of seed and seed-time, and the great many good things said in small space in the able and practical articles on wheat in the *Weekly Farmer*, will seldom fail to yield an abundant harvest, except from causes entirely beyond the control of the husbandman. Quantity, as with all other crops, will vary with the circumstances of the season; but in general the quality of the grain is found superior to that grown upon similar soils in the track of green crops."

Our correspondent is a highly intelligent, practical farmer, and although it would be idle to advocate invariable systems of practice, the principles referred to in the above extracts are sound, and applicable, in no small degree, to the wants of many American wheat-growers. All soils that have been cropped successively without renovation have to be fallowed or fertilized before they will yield full crops. It may be argued by some that the severe system of culture recommended by our correspondent can not, for want of time on large farms, be practiced. This is one of the greatest objections that most wheat-growers in America would raise—not so much because our intelligence does not appreciate the most thorough system of culture, but for want of labor at a sufficiently low price, and the time necessary on many of our very large farms to "practice what we preach." New soils yielding full crops do not need such treatment; but by successive cropping without renovation, which means continued exhaustion, they become "worn out." When the best culture and fertilization are practiced, land should not be fallowed: in this case, the true rest of the soil is a proper succession of crops. This is especially true of all land in exact balance for the requirements of crops. The difficulty of ascertaining, not the constituents of the soil and their relative proportion, but of knowing their *exact condition*, is a reason why the analyses of soils have been by some persons repudiated. The clover-plant will vary in structure and composition when grown on soils varying in composition and in the condition of their elements; but chemistry has shown beyond doubt that unless a soil have the elements of plants in *some form*, the fallowing of that soil FOR EVER could not cause it to liberate that which it did not possess. We would ask our readers to consider carefully, before adopting the *naked-fallow* system, the facts presented by us on the plowing in of clover in our articles on wheat.

THE WHEAT CROP.

The Lafayette (Indiana) *Courier* says that the wheat crop in that region promises well.

The wheat crop of Texas, Kentucky, Tennessee, and several counties of Illinois, bears the same reputation. We learn from reports in the Chicago papers that the crop in Central and Southern Illinois, which was unpromising, has within the last couple of weeks improved wonderfully—so much so, that a fair crop is anticipated. We read favorable accounts from Arkansas. The Van Buren *Intelligencer* says: "We are truly proud to say that our county and city will no longer be dependent on her sister counties and other places for breadstuffs, as formerly."

WILL OUR READERS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY INFORM US OF THE PROSPECTS OF THE WHEAT CROP?

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER II.

NIGHTFALL.

"Little Malacca, where were you born?"

"Nowhere. You *are* a new one, or you'd have known that. All the boys know that."

"I mean, where do your father and mother live?"

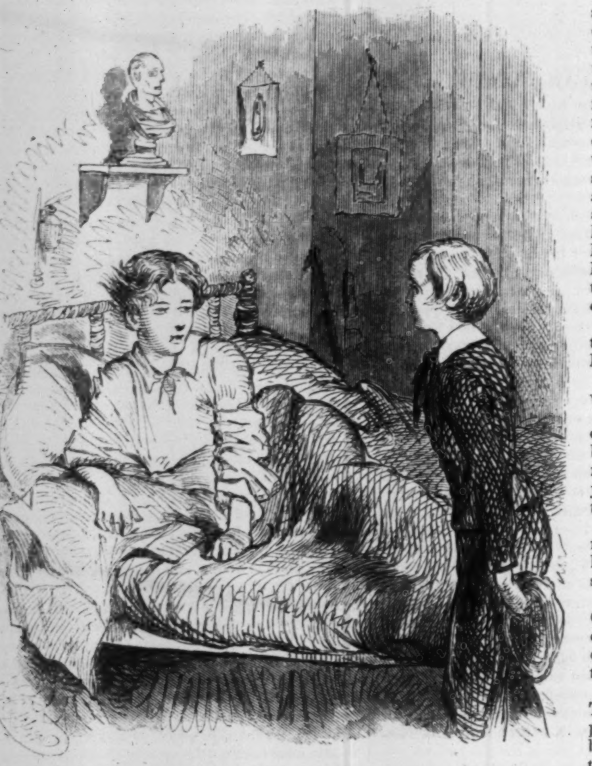
"Why, I ain't got none."

"Haven't any father or mother? poor fellow!"

"I'm not a poor fellow. I've got plenty of money. Look here!" and the boy straightened himself in his pretty clothes, and pulled two or three bright copper cents out of his pocket. "I buy a seed-cake every time the baker comes, and Saturdays I get a lemon-cake; but then old Green Muddock catches me, and pounds me till I give him half—and if he pounds a great while he takes the whole, 'cause he says I've made him work, and he *must* support exhausted nature. So I generally give up, except when I'm very raspy."

"Who sent you to this school?"

"I don't just know. I guess Nussy did. 'Cause I remember a long time ago she tried to teach me after I'd been to a woman's school. But I sat up on the table the first day and swung my legs; and when she told me to get down and study, I said I wouldn't. Then she asked me why not; and I said 'cause hers was a nasty school. Then she said I called every school nasty. Well, I said, yours is the nastiest of all. So they are nasty—all schools are nasty."



HOMAGE TO A HERO.

"How old are you?"

"Well, I suppose I'm fifteen," answered Little Malacca. "But I don't just know."

"Who are your friends?"

"Why, all the boys. I don't fight with 'em. But, by golly, I wish Mr. Gray had strapped Abe Newt."

"Isn't he your friend?"

"I don't know. He gives me gingerbread, but I guess I don't like him."

"Why not?"

"I don't know. But what are you asking me all these things for, Gabriel Bennet?" asked Little Malacca, suddenly, turning full upon the other with his great black eyes, and shaking the curls away that hung upon his velvet jacket, over which a smooth white collar was carefully turned. He had the air of a handsome foreign child, but he spoke English as nimbly and purely as his companion, who seemed to be about the same age, and was a delicate-featured, but robust and ruddy boy.

"Come," said Little Malacca, "why don't you answer?"

"'Cause I haven't any thing to say," replied Gabriel. "I'm sure I don't know why I asked you."

"By George! that's real funny," laughed the other. "Hollo! the fellows are playing French and English; let's go and join in."

The two boys ran off together and mingled in the game. It was already dusk, but the summer evening is the best time for play. The sport was at its height, and the hot, eager, panting boys were shouting and scampering in every direction, when a man ran in from the road and cried out, breathless,

"Where's Mr. Gray?"

"In his study," answered twenty voices at once. The man darted toward the house, and went in; the next moment he reappeared with Mr. Gray, both of them running.

"Get out the boat!" cried Mr. Gray, "and call the big boys. There's a man drowning in the pond!"

The game was over at once, and each young heart thrilled with vague horror. Abel Newt, Muddock, Blanding, Tom Galt, and the rest came rushing out of the school-room, and ran toward the barn in which the boat was kept upon a truck. In a moment the door was open, the truck run out, and all the boys took hold of the rope. Mr. Gray and the stranger led the way. The throng swept out of the gate, and as they hastened silently along, the axles of the truck kindled with the friction and began to smoke.

"Carefully! steadily!" cried the boys all together.

They slackened speed a little, but, happily, the pond was but a short distance from the school. It was a circular sheet of water, perhaps a mile in width.

"Boys, he is nearly on the other side," said Mr. Gray, as the crowd reached the shore.

In an instant the boat was afloat. Mr. Gray, the stranger, and the six stoutest boys in the school stepped into it. The boys lifted their oars. "Let fall! give way!" cried Mr. Gray, and the boat moved off, glimmering away into the darkness.

The younger boys remained hushed and awe-stricken upon the shore. The stars were just coming out, the wind had fallen, and the smooth, black pond lay silent at their feet. They could see the vague, dark outline of the opposite shore, but none of the pretty villas that stood in graceful groves upon the banks—none of the little lawns that sloped, with a feeling of human sympathy, to the water. The treachery of that glassy surface was all they thought of. They shuddered to remember that they had so often bathed in the pond, and recoiled as if they had been friends of a murderer. None of them spoke. They clustered closely together, listening intently. Nothing was audible but the hum of the evening insects and the regular muffled beat of the oars over the water. The boys strained their ears and held their breath as the sound suddenly stopped. But they listened in vain. The lazy tree-toads sang, the monotonous hum of the night went on.

Gabriel Bennet held the hand of Little Malacca.

"Isn't it dreadful?" whispered the latter.

"Yes," said Gabriel, "it's dreadful to be young when a man's drowning, for you can't do any thing. Hist!"

There was not a movement, as they heard a dull, distant sound.

"I guess that's Jim Greenwich," whispered Little Malacca, under his breath; "he's the best diver."

Nobody answered. The slow minutes passed. Some of the boys peered round them timidly into the dark, and clung closer to their neighbors.

"There they come!" said Gabriel, suddenly, in a low voice, and in a few moments the beat of the oars was heard again. Still nobody spoke. Most of the boys were afraid that when the boat appeared they should see a dead body, and they dreaded it. Some felt homesick, and began to cry. The throb of oars came nearer and nearer. The boat glimmered out of the darkness, and almost at the same moment slid up the shore. The solemn undertone in which the rowers spoke told all. Death was in the boat.

Gabriel Bennet could see the rowers step quickly out, and with great care run the boat upon the truck. He said, "Come, boys!" and they all moved together and grasped the rope.

"Forward!" said Mr. Gray.

Something lay across the seats covered with a large cloak. The boys did not look behind, but they all knew what they were dragging. The homely funeral-car rolled slowly along under the stars. The crickets chirped; the multitudinous voice of the summer night murmured on every side, mingling with the hollow rumble of the truck. In a few moments the procession turned into the grounds, and the boat was drawn to the platform.

"The little boys may go," said Mr. Gray.

They dropped the rope and turned away. They did not even try to see what was done with the body; but when Blanding came out of the house, afterward, they asked him who found the drowned man.

"Jim Greenwich," said he. "He stripped as soon as we were well out on the pond, and asked the stranger gentleman to show him about where his friend sank. The moment the place was pointed out he dove. The first time he found nothing. The second time he touched him"—the boys shuddered—"and he actually brought him up to the surface. But he was quite dead. Then we took him into the boat, and covered him over. That's all."

There were no more games, there was no other talk, that evening. When the boys were going to bed Gabriel asked Little Malacca in which room Jim Greenwich slept.

"He sleeps in Number Seven. Why?"

"Oh! I only wanted to know. But what a splendid fellow he must be!"

"So he is: and so strong!"

Gabriel Bennet could not sleep. His mind was too busy with the events of the day. All night long he could think of nothing but the calmness of Abel Newt upon the platform, and the strong figure of Jim Greenwich erect in the summer night, then plunging silently into the black water. When it was fairly light he hurried on his clothes, and passing quietly along the hall, knocked at the door of Number Seven.

"Who's there?" cried a voice within.

"It's only me."

"Who's me?"

"Gabriel Bennet."

"Come in, then."

It was Abel Newt who spoke; and as Gabriel stepped in, Newt asked, abruptly,

"What do you want?"

"I want to speak to Jim Greenwich."

"Well, there he is," replied Newt, pointing to another bed. "Jim! Jim!"

Greenwich roused himself.

"What's the matter?" said his cheery voice, as he rose upon his elbow and looked at Gabriel with his kind eyes. "Come here, Gabriel. What is it?"

Gabriel hesitated, for Abel Newt was looking sharply at him. But in a moment he went to Greenwich's bedside, and said, shyly, in a low voice,

"Shall I black your boots for you?"

"Black my boots! Why, Gabriel, what on earth do you mean? No, of course you shall not."

And the strong youth looked pleasantly on the boy who stood by his bedside, and put out his hand to him.

"Can't I brush your clothes, then, or do any thing for you?" persisted Gabriel, softly.

"Certainly not. Why do you want to?" replied Greenwich.

"Oh! I only thought it would be pleasant if I could do something—that's all," said Gabriel, as he moved slowly away. "I'm sorry to have waked you."

He closed the door gently as he went out. Jim Greenwich lay for some time resting upon his elbow, wondering why a boy who had scarcely ever spoken a word to him before should suddenly want to be his servant. He could make nothing of it, and lay down again for a morning nap, for he was tired with the excitement of the night before. He knew that he had plunged into the cold water and brought up a dead body: he did not know that he had dived into a living heart.

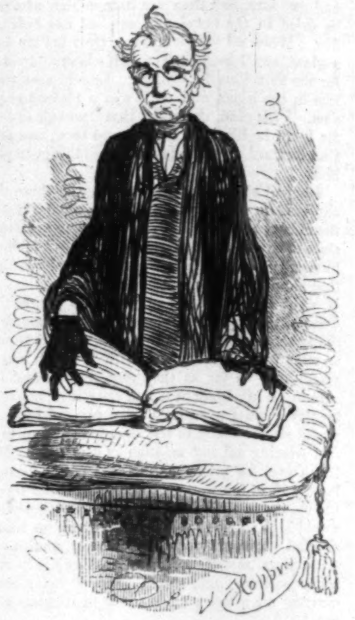
CHAPTER III.

PEEWEE PREACHING.

The Reverend Amos Peewee, D.D., made a suitable improvement of the melancholy event narrated in the last chapter upon the following Sunday. He enlarged upon the uncertainty of life. He said that in the midst of life we are in death. He said that we are shadows and pursue shades. He added that we are here to-day and gone to-morrow.

During the long prayer before the sermon a violent thunder-gust swept from the west and dashed against the old wooden church. As the Doctor poured forth his petitions he made the most extraordinary movements with his right hand. He waved it up and down rapidly. He opened his eyes for an instant as if to find somebody. He seemed, altogether, to be closing imaginary windows—and so he was. It leaked out the next day at Mr. Gray's that Dr. Peewee was telegraphing the sexton at random—for he did not know where to look for him—to close the windows. Nobody better understood the danger of draughts from windows, during thunder-storms, than the Doctor. Nobody knew better than he that the lightning-rod upon the spire was no protection at all, but that the iron staples with which it was clamped to the building would serve, in case of a bolt's striking the church, to drive its whole force into the building. As a loud crash burst over the village in the midst of his sermon, and showed how frightfully near the storm was, his voice positively quavered as he said, "Yes, my brethren, let us be calm under all circumstances, and Death will have no terrors."

Dr. Peewee had been settled in the village of Delafield since a long period before the Revolution, according to the boys. But the parish register carried the date only to the beginning of this century. His best friends said nothing worse of him than that he was cowardly and insincere. His worst enemies frankly allowed, what it was folly to deny, that he was the dullest of preachers. He wore a silken gown in summer, and a woolen gown in winter, and black worsted gloves, always with the middle finger of the right-hand glove slit, that he might more conveniently turn the leaves of the Bible, and the hymn-book, and his own sermons.

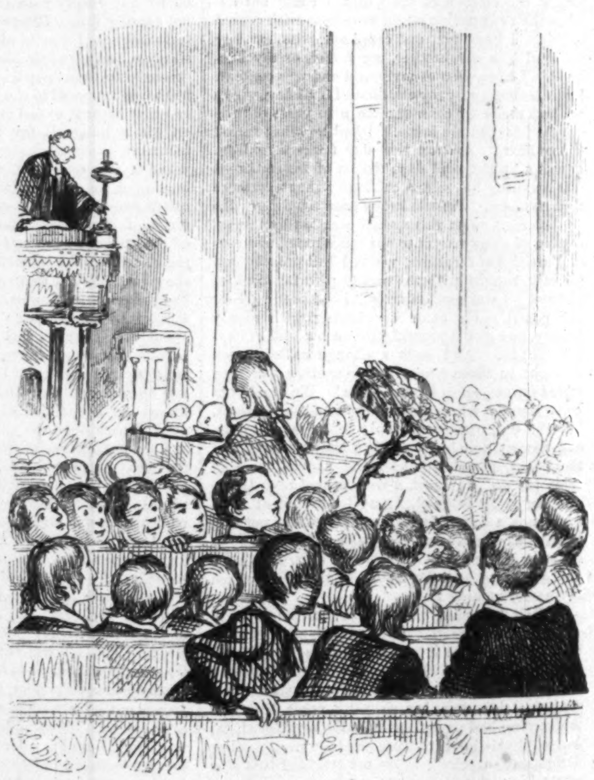


REV. AMOS PEEWEE, D.D.

The Reverend Amos Peewee wished to make Jordan as easy a road as possible for all travelers. He wanted to put down Trouble under his feet. And yet for a man who loved the things that make for peace he was sometimes rather too hard upon the old Jews and the sinners of Mesopotamia. In truth, he had no bowels for the early sinners. He smote Cain, in particular, hip and thigh. He gave the antediluvians no rest. Yet he did not confine his denunciations to wrong-doers before the flood. On the contrary, he discharged the most tremendous broadsides of invective against the luckless sheep who strayed out of the fold a few centuries before the Christian era. The doughty Doctor did not even spare that stalwart sinner Samson; while some belated offenders, who sought to escape him by burrowing somewhere in the second and third centuries of our computation, he unearthed with skillful scent, and shaking them well, held them up to the just reprobation of all charitable Christian souls.

The pews of the old meeting-house were high, and many of them square. The heads of the people of consideration in the congregation were mostly bald, as beseems respectable age, and as the smooth, shiny line of pates appeared above the wooden line of the pews, they somehow sympathetically-blended into one gleaming surface of worn wood and skull, until it seemed as if the Doctor's theological battles were all fought upon the tops of the heads of his people.

But the Doctor was by no means altogether polemical. After defeating and utterly confounding the fathers who fired their last shot a thousand years ago, and who had not a word to say against his remaining master of the field, he was wont to unbend his mind and recreate his fancy by practical discourses. His sermons upon lying were celebrated all through the vil-



PUBLIC WORSHIP.

lage. He gave the insidious vice no quarter. He charged upon it from all sides at once. Lying hadn't a single foot left to stand upon. White lies, black lies, blue lies, and green lies, lies of ceremony, of charity, and of good intention disappeared before the lightning of his wrath. They are all children of the Devil, with different complexions, said Dr. Peewee.

And the liar! why, he described him miraculously. He knew the fellow through and through; his shifts, his quirks, his wrigglings, his meanness, his shame, were so accurately hit off that the uniformity of the knobby line of shiny heads was sometimes disturbed by some respectable villager looking up curiously to watch the Doctor's face. His portrait of the liar was, after all, his best pulpit performance.

So with the sins of stealing, swearing, covetousness, sensuality of all kinds, slander, arson, and murder, Doctor Peewee had no patience with them. But then the shepherd must be wary, thought he. Sometimes discretion is a virtue, and moderation always is, said he. Like other clergymen and most laymen he had his own theory of preaching. The pastor is a shepherd, as any Latin dictionary will show to the most incredulous. The people are sheep, the church is the fold, and temptations are wolves. The duty of the shepherd, therefore, is to cry "Wolf, wolf!" the business of the sheep is to beware. But if the hungry rascals, the wolves of avarice, of slander, of sensuality, caught any of the flock, "Wolves! wolves!" cried the shepherd. "Yes, yes," cried the flock; "but where? what kind?" "That's your own look-out, my brethren," answered the pastor.

"My dear Mr. Gray," said Dr. Peewee to that gentleman when he was about establishing his school in the village and was consulting with the Doctor about bringing his boys to church—"My dear Mr. Gray," said the Doctor, putting down his cigar and stirring his toddy (he was of an earlier day), "where would society be if the sins of individuals were to be rudely assaulted—one more lump if you please. A man's sins are like his corns. Neither the shoe nor the sermon must fit too snugly. I am a clergyman, but I hope I am also a man of common sense, a practical man, Mr. Gray. The general moral law and the means of grace, those are the proper themes of the preacher. And lest there might be an intended personal application of general truth supposed in any case, the pastor ought to understand the individual characters and pursuits of his parishioners."

"Clearly," said Mr. Gray.

"For instance," reasoned the Doctor, as he slowly stirred his toddy, and gesticulated with one skinny forefinger, occasionally sipping as he went on, "if I have a deacon in my church whose commendable economy has perhaps ripened, developed, let us say, into parsimony, and, in fact, has gradually slipped on into a morbid love of accumulation and an extreme tenacity of hold upon the substance accumulated, to that degree that his family suffers, his wife pines, his daughter sickens, and his son keeps peace in the house by going out of it, is it not plain that, if I, who, as his pastor, know what every body in the village knows, preach a strong sermon upon covetousness, every body in the church will think of my deacon—will, in fact, apply the sermon to him? The deacon, of course, will be the first to do it. And then, why, good gracious! he might even take his hat and cane and stalk heavily down the broad aisle, under my very nose, before my very eyes, and slam the church-door after him in my very face! Here, at once, is difficulty in the church; hard feeling, perhaps even swearing. Am I, as a Christian clergyman, to give occasion to uncharitable emotions, even to actual profanity? Is not a Christian congregation, was not every early Christian community, a society of brothers? Of course they were; of course we must be. Little children love one another. Let us dwell together, my brethren, in amity," said the Doctor, putting down his glass, and forgetting that he was in Mr. Gray's study, "and please give me your ears while I show you this morning the enormity of burning widows upon the funeral pyres of their husbands."

This was the Peewee preaching and practice. And after such a sermon the deacon has been known to say to his wife—thin she was in the face, which had a settled shade, like the sober twilight of valleys from which the sun has long been gone, though it has not yet set—

"What shocking people the Hindoos are! They actually burn widows! My dear, how grateful we ought to be that we live in a Christian country where wives are not burned.—Abraham! if you put another stick of wood into that stove I'll skin you alive, Sir. Go to bed this instant, you wicked boy!—It must be bad enough to be a widow, my dear, let alone the burning."

CHAPTER IV.

AVE MARIA!

Mr. Gray's boys sat in several pews, which he could command with his eye from his own seat in the broad aisle. Every Sunday morning at the first stroke of the bell the boys began to stroll toward the church. But after they were seated, and the congregation had assembled, and Dr. Peewee had gone up into the pulpit, the wheels of a carriage were heard outside—steps were let down—there was an opening of doors, a slight scuffling and treading, and old Christopher Burt, the oldest and richest of the parishioners, entered. His head was powdered, and he wore a queue. His coat collar was slightly whitened with the powder, and he carried a gold-headed cane.

The boys looked in admiration upon so much respectability, powder, age, and gold cane united in one person.

But who came behind?

O cloud of years roll back! O eyes of Youth return! Through the gallery of Memory, hushed and reverent, she glides forever, as along the aisle of the old village church, almost with queenly scorn as with queenly tread, yet with a calm benignity of womanly beauty. They sail on Indian seas—they fish in Norway streams—they dig in California sands—they climb the pyramids—they smile in France—they smoke in Germany—they dream in Italy—all over the world they have been and are, who recall the stately grace of Hope Wayne, grand-daughter of old Burt.

All Mr. Gray's boys were in love with her. They went to church to worship her. They went home to talk about her. They went to bed to dream of her. They read Mary Lamb's stories from Shakespeare, and Hope Wayne was Ophelia, and Desdemona, and Imogen; but above all others, she was Juliet. They read the "Arabian Nights," and she was all the Arabian Princesses with unpronounceable names. They read Miss Edgeworth—"Helen," "Belinda."—"Oh, thunder, how stupid!" they cried, and dropped the book to think of Hope.

As the boys walked home after church on Sundays they talked of every thing, and thought of Hope Wayne. In the evening of the day on which the Doctor improved the drowning, and exhorted his hearers to be brave, Mr. Gray asked Gabriel Bennet how he liked the Doctor's sermon.

"I hated it," replied the boy.

"Why, Gabriel; why so?"

"Because I don't want to hear a man talk about being brave who locks his wife out of his chamber when she goes down to see if there are robbers in the house."

For there was a story in circulation, fully believed by the boys then, and believed by them to this day, that one night the Doctor, being awakened by Mrs. Peewee, who reported burglars below, requested that worthy woman, who had charge of the housekeeping, to go and ascertain the facts; and upon her departure, in order to save Dr. Peewee from being carried off, or in any way injured, that gentleman locked the door after her.

Mr. Gray did not push the inquiry farther. He asked merely:

"Where was the text?"

"I don't know, Sir," replied Gabriel. As he spoke there was the sound of warm discussion on the other side of the dining-room, in which the boys sat during the evening.

"What is it, Gyles?" asked Mr. Gray.

"Why, Sir," replied he, "it's nothing. We were talking about a ribbon, Sir."

"What ribbon?"

"A ribbon we saw at church, Sir."

"Well, whose was it?" asked Mr. Gray.

"I believe it was Miss Hope Wayne's."

"You believe, Gyles? Why don't you speak out?"

"Well, Sir, the fact is that Abel Newt says she had a purple ribbon on her bonnet—"

"She hadn't," said Gabriel, breaking in impetuously. "She had a beautiful blue ribbon, and lilies of the valley inside, and a white lace vail, and—"

Gabriel stopped and turned very red, for he caught Abel Newt's eyes fixed sharply upon him.

"Oh ho! the text was there, was it?" asked Mr. Gray, smiling.

But Abel Newt only said, quietly:

"Oh well! I guess it *was* a blue ribbon after all."

CHAPTER V.

SCHOOL BEGINS.

Forty years ago Mr. Savory Gray was a prosperous merchant in Boston. No gentleman on 'Change wore more spotless linen or blacker broadcloth. His ample white cravat had an air of candor and honesty which quite neutralized any little suspicious twinkle in his small eyes. It was so very white that his fellow-merchants could not avoid a vague impression that he had taken the church on his way down town, and had so purified himself for business. Indeed, like Seidlitz powders, a white cravat is strongly to be recommended as a corrective and sedative. Its advantages have long been familiar to the clergy; and even, in some desperate cases, politicians have found a resort to it of signal benefit. There are instructive instances also in banks and insurance offices of the comfort and value of spotless linen. Combined with highly polished shoes, it is of inestimable mercantile advantage.

Mr. Gray prospered in business, and nobody was sorry. He had some natural cunning, but a good heart with it. He enjoyed his practical joke and his glass of Madeira, which had made at least three voyages round the Cape. His temperament, like his person, was just unctuous enough to enable him to slip comfortably through life; and he had married an admirable woman—it was part of his good fortune—a careful, simple, intelligent, thrifty, motherly woman, to whom, however, Heaven, to her great grief, had denied children. Their home was cheerful and hospitable. They had built three tabernacles to respectability, and offered worship in them at morning, noon, and night.

There was a lull in politics in those days, although it was as much the fashion for the Boston merchant to be a stanch Federalist as to wear a white shirt-frill. In fact it is doubtful to this day—and State Street still shakes its head over the question—whether black cravats and plain shirt-fronts did not come in with the d—d Democrats, as the stiff old Federal merchants, with vindictive alliteration, did not hesitate to call the political disciples of Mr. Jefferson.

Happily Mr. Savory Gray had but a speaking acquaintance with politics. He was not a blue Federalist, and he never d'd the Democrats. In the counting-room or the meeting of directors, when his neighbors waxed furious upon raking over some old outrage of that old French infidel, Tom Jefferson, as they called him, sending him and his gun-boats where no man or boat wants to go, Mr. Gray rolled his neck in his white cravat, and waggled his black-gaitered shoe, and beamed, and smiled, and blew his nose, and hum'd, and ha'd, and said, 'Ah, yes!" "Ah, indeed?" "Quite so!" and held his tongue.

It was during the second administration of Monroe—"the era of good feeling"—that our friend was a prosperous merchant and these tremendous political discussions went on. For the era of good feeling was, in our political history, like the neutral ground along the Hudson in Revolutionary times; and the Federalists and Democrats were the Cow-boys and Skinners who fought there savagely. With infinite, unconscious skill Mr. Gray shot the angry rapids of discussion, and swept, by a sure instinct, toward the quiet water on which he liked to ride. People praised the resolution with which he minded his own business. Indeed, to do that sternly is often held up to us as the perfection of human wisdom.

Mr. Savory Gray minded his own business; but his business did not mind him. There came a sudden crash—one of the commercial earthquakes that shake fortunes to their foundations and scatter failure on every side. One day he sat in his office consoling his friend Jowlson, who had been ruined. Mr. Jowlson was terribly agitated—credit gone—fortune wrecked—no prospects—"O wife and children!" he cried, storming about the counting-room.

"My dear Jowlson, you must not give way in this manner. You must control your feelings. Have we not always been taught," said Mr. Gray, as a clerk brought in a letter, which the merchant opened and looked into, as he continued, "that riches have wings and—my God!" he ejaculated, springing up, "I am a ruined man!"

So he was. Every thing was gone. Those pretty riches that chirped and sang to him as he fed them; they had all spread their bright plumage, like a troop of singing birds—have we not always been taught that they might, Mr. Jowlson?—and had flown away.

To undertake business anew was out of the question. His friends said, "Poor Gray! what shall be done?" For they liked him, the sturdy merchants who were made of stiffer stuff than he. They liked his feline humor; his practical, boyish joking; his respectability—and his holding his tongue.

He could not *do* any thing; that was clear. He could not make boots, nor build houses, nor shoe horses, nor lay stone-wall, nor bake bread, nor bind books. Men must be educated to be shoemakers, carpenters, blacksmiths, bakers, masons, or book-binders. Ignorant people will not answer in those callings. What could he do? The friendly merchants pondered and pondered. The worthy Jowlson, who had engaged as book-keeper upon a salary of seven hundred dollars a year—one of the rare prizes—was busy enough for his friend Gray, consulting, wondering, planning. He could not preach, nor practice medicine, nor surgery, nor law, because men must be instructed in those professions; and people will not trust a suit of a thousand dollars, or a sore throat, or a broken thumb, in the hands of a man who has not fitted himself carefully for the responsibility. What *could* be done? Nobody suggested an insurance office, or an agency for diamond mines on Newport beach; for, although it was the era of good feeling, it was not quite the Millennium, and those ingenious infirmaries for commercial invalids were not yet invented.

"I have it!" cried Jowlson, one day, rushing in, out of breath, among several gentlemen who were holding a council about their friend Gray—that is, who had met in a bank-parlor, and were talking about his prospects—"I have it! and how dull we all are! What shall he do? Why, keep a school, to be sure!—a school!—a school! Take children, and be a parent to them!"

"How dull we all were!" cried the gentlemen in chorus. "A school is the very thing! A school it shall be!" And a school it was.

Every body who knows Boston know the neighboring village of Delafield, and its pretty pond, with sloping shores and neat villas and a distant spire—the whole like the vignette of an English pastoral poem. In the rural vicinity of Boston the tranquil ripeness of old civilization is more plainly perceived than any where else in the country. It has a pleasing, picturesque, garden-like air. It is the same smooth and comfortable and respectable landscape that strikes the American eye in England.

Upon the main street of the pleasant village Savory Gray, Esq., hired a large house with an avenue of young lindens in front, a garden on one side, and a spacious play-ground in the rear. Here he turned from importing pongees to inculcating principles. His old friends sent some of their children to the new school, and persuaded their friends to send others. Some of his former correspondents in other parts of the world, not entirely satisfied with the Asian and East Indian systems of education, shipped their sons to Mr. Gray. Good, easy man, he was glad to see them. He was not very learned, and therefore could not communicate knowledge. But he played his pranks with the scholars, while he tried very hard to be respected. The boys did not learn any thing; but kind and motherly Mrs. Gray took strict care of their wardrobes and morals: their finger nails and manners: and had an untiring sympathy with their multitudinous woes. She was always loved and honored by them all.

Is it not amusing and interesting for us of today to remember that, forty years ago, in this very country, a man who was not considered sufficiently accomplished to raise cabbages or cobble boots or shoe horses was thought fully competent to take children and youth from home and develop their minds and characters? What a droll old era of good feeling it was, to be sure! But then, how it has passed away! *Eheu, Posthume! Posthume!* where are those ridiculous years gone?

OUR SPECIAL PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Lovely Spring—The "Vingt Mars"—Paris Promenades—The Prince Imperial in his Garden—Burgundian Nurses—Babies, Dogs, and Parrots—The Old Woman who lived in a Shoe—Conversation Salons—Fashions, etc.

Paris, *March* 17, 1859.

After all, how depressing are the warnings of experience, how chilling the results of disappointment upon the natural hopefulness and trust of the human heart! How I should like to believe that this early, radiant spring was true in its promises; that the bright green leaves and abundant blossoms were destined to feel no wintry blasts to destroy *their* prospects and send us again shivering to the fireside! Alas! I know it but too well. April will howl at us the desolation which winter, and even its first cousin, March, seems to have forgotten; and if it is not April, it will be May or June that will perform that pleasant office.

These were my reflections as I sat for two hours yesterday in the garden of the Tuileries, out of the sunshine, because it was too hot, and though not quite under the *shade* of the trees, yet looking up with delight to the positive green leaves. There is a tree in these gardens which is called "the 20th of March," because it is always in leaf on or before that day. This year it is more advanced than I ever saw it before; nor is it alone, for there are several others which have already put on the lovely green of spring, though this one is always the most forward, and is surrounded by admiring groups, who come, one after another, to see how faithfully the old tree keeps its promise. For it not to do so is ever considered a prognostic of misfortune to the good city of Paris.

It is not very often that one goes to the Tuileries garden now. When I first knew it it was the fashionable resort and promenade, for then the "Champs Elyseés" were impassable from mud, and dark and dreary with damp. They were improved into their present comfortable state, and became the fashion, to be deserted in their turn for the "Bois de Boulogne," which is accessible now by railroad, and thus within the reach of those even who have not the advantage of having a carriage of their own. But the Tuileries garden has been, too, very much improved. It is well graveled, which makes it less damp, and the parterres are kept in good order, and are bright with all the flowers of the season, while there have been many new trees planted.

Last year a large bit in front of the Palace was abstracted from the public and made private, for the convenience of a play-ground for the Prince Imperial. Here, on these fine days, when he returns from his drive, the little Prince may be seen amusing himself, like other children, with his wheel-barrow and spade, his drum and his gun; and watched, outside the paling, by an eager and delighted crowd, who, with true French enthusiasm in regard to fine children, do full justice to the merits of this one in their remarks.

"What a beauty!" "What a darling!" "Such a superb *enfant!*" is the repeated exclamation.

This garden is quite that of the children of Paris, and given up to them and their noisy gambols and gossiping nurses.

These last come, most of them, from the same part of France. It is Burgundy which furnishes this *milk of human kindness* to the rest of the land. It is a source of wealth to a peasant there when a child is born to him, as the mother, as soon as possible, sets off for Paris, and is inscribed on the register of the office for wet-nurses. Then when some young wife of the higher classes is about to become a mother, twenty or thirty of these peasant-women are sent at once sometimes, and a choice is made from among them of the most promising as to health and cleanliness. They soon become truly attached to their little charges, and are faithful and devoted; for, of course, their continuance in favor is of consequence to them, as they look forward to other opportunities of the same sort; and as they are always newly dressed at the expense of their new mistress, and receive many valuable presents as well, upon occasions such as baby's cutting its first tooth, or some other equally interesting event, they can save all their earnings and send them to their own country, where the husband lays them out generally in the purchase of a field, that coveted possession to the French peasantry.

You will, perhaps, my readers, think this an odd subject for a letter from an old bachelor; but I have been led into it by my visit yesterday to "the tree of March," and I thought, as being an institution so peculiarly French, "the Bureau des Nourrices" might not be without interest for you.

There is, I think, nothing more marked in the French character than their fondness for children, dogs, and parrots. The importance with which all these are invested by their possessors is extraordinary, and rather wearisome to those who have none and have no intention of having any. Toward the hour of five o'clock, in this garden you see almost all the young mothers coming in search of their babies and their *bonnes* and accompanying them home—in their carriage, if they have one, or on foot, if belonging to that numerous class who have none. Thus for the babies.

For the dogs and parrots this tenderness and solicitude are much less pardonable and endurable.

I know a lady with all to make going into the world a pleasure, and who rather enjoys doing so, and yet who never goes out of an evening because her dog "Tiny" is so lonely in her absence, and when he sees his mistress putting on an evening dress begins to pine and whine, which she can not resist, and gives up her engagement to remain and see "that 'Tiny' has his tea comfortably." In the hotel where I live there are ten French families, of whom all have dogs, some half a dozen, with a regular servant to attend upon them, and whose only business it is to do so. Imagine the uproar and annoyance of this to one who has nerves, and who dislikes dogs. As for the parrots and parrakeets, my indignation will not allow me to speak of them; and such is the force of the association of ideas, that I never see a snuffy, gaudy-colored-in-dress old Frenchwoman (which they often are) without thinking of an odious parrot; and, *vice versa*, all parrots seem to me transmogrified old Frenchwomen.

But there are neither dogs nor parrots in the Tuileries garden, and the children have now gone to their homes. The last of these that linger playing about are a band of nine or ten very young ones, in charge of an aged woman, who takes care of them during the day while their respective mothers are out at work. She looks a living illustration of "the old woman who lived in her shoe," and I dare say her poor room is not much bigger than that marvelous abode; but she seems clean and respectable, and the children are evidently happy with her. She told me she had two sous a day for each child, and the mothers leave a little bread and something to make their little soup, and when the weather is not positively bad she brings them here, and it is evident the poor body had pleasure in the thought of still being good for something.

But another hour has passed, and the last lingerers are going home to their dinners; and I will follow their example without inflicting upon you, as it was my intention, a continuance of my meditations, which were obvious ones, suggested by the proximity of the old palace and the strange changes it and its inhabitants have witnessed since the commencement of the building by Catherine de Medicis.

Instead of this, shall I ask you to accompany me again into some of those salons which, since Lent began, have opened for conversation; and in which, having been to the Carnival balls, I am bound to appear, sometimes at the rate of two or three in an evening, for the week has but seven days, and these receptions must therefore often fall together? My performance on these occasions sometimes reminds me of the "Mother Hubbard" rhymes:

> "The dame made a courtesy, the dog made a bow;
> The dame said 'Good-evening!' and the dog said 'Bow-wow!'"

for it is often not much more in the way of conversation. At other times I have the pleasure of listening to most interesting and animated discussions upon literary and political events, conducted by the men best able to do them justice from their position and consequent information; and on all these occasions I witness a high-bred courtesy and a genial politeness toward a stranger extremely gratifying, and as far removed from English stiffness as from American *laisser-aller*.

But I must find room to-day for some remarks upon fashions in dress, the mild weather having brought out changes in this respect sooner than usual; and though (no pun is intended), considering the amplitude of the subject, I have not much space, I must crowd in these few notes sent to me by a very fair and considerate friend.

"Bonnets are larger a shade, and very much more advanced upon the head; generally they are of two colors, of which black or white is one. They are extremely simple in their trimmings, which are mostly of lace. Dresses, alas! are more elaborately trimmed in the skirts than ever, the newest having ten or a dozen flounces, cut bias (such a waste of material!), and bound either in velvet or in silk of another shade. Skirts are either thus trimmed or quite plain. Black is still universal for morning and out-of-door dress."

This is all I can give you to-day, fair ladies, though much remains untold. *Au revoir!*

THINGS WISE OR OTHERWISE.

"BE careful how you drink, or you will wash the color off your cheeks," said a gentleman, as he handed a glass of water to a lady. "There is no danger of your ever taking water enough to remove the color from your face," was the retort.

One afternoon about four o'clock the marshal of the Court, who had been but lately installed in office, and hardly knew the judge yet, came in to adjourn that legal personage, who was sitting all solitary and alone in his chair awaiting the hour.

Our marshal not having a watch with him, ventured to ask his honor what time it was. "Am I your time-keeper, Sir?" was the reply.

"No, your honor," said the marshal; "but as you have a watch, and I have none just now, I thought I might as well ask you to find out if it was time to adjourn Court."

"Well," said his honor, "if you want to know what time it is, just go to that window and look at the clock on Wyman's Hall."

"I can't see it from the window, your honor," answered the marshal.

"Go out, then, on the steps of the court-house on Market Street, and there you can see it," cried the judge, more crabbedly than ever.

"If your honor insists on my going to see what time it is," rejoined the marshal, getting angry, "I'll go down to the Cathedral and see, just to please you;" and he walked off down town, and let the Court adjourn itself that day.

Strolling leisurely about Uncle Sam's big ship-yard, in Washington, the other day, we observed a regular hard-weather sailor chap from a man-o'-war, who, in turn, was watching two men dragging a seven-foot cross-cut saw through a huge live-oak log. The saw was dull, the log terrible hard, and there they went—see-saw, see-saw—pull push, push pull. Jack studied the matter over a while, until he came to the conclusion they were pulling to see who would get the saw, and as one was a monstrous big chap, while the other was a little fellow, Jack decided to see fair play; so taking the big one a clip under the ear that capsized him end over end, he jerked the saw out of the log, and, giving it to the small one, sung out, "Now run, you beggar!"

A Californian correspondent sends us the following:

"A few years since, in the vicinity of American River, a trial was held before a justice of the peace of the township to determine the rights of two respective parties. Upon the hearing of the cause, one of the attorneys, a gentleman from Coloma, moved the Court that he dismiss the suit for want of jurisdiction. This was resisted by Mr. C——, the gentleman opposed, whose name is not unknown to the legislative records of our State. The Court was in doubt, and for a long time stood wavering what he should do in the premises. In the mean time, Captain M——, the particular friend of the plaintiff's attorney, visits the kitchen, and, with his usual ease and grace, informs the justice's wife (who was the *best* half of the Court) that the lawyer from Coloma was arguing and trying to make her husband believe that he was no justice of the peace, and had no right to try the cause. 'Now Mrs. W——, don't you know that your husband is a justice?' 'Of course I do,' said she, 'and I will learn that upstart from Coloma so too;' and going to the court-room door, and listening to the gentleman's concluding argument for a dismissal, she called her husband out to speak to him, saying—'Are you going to sit there like a great fool, and have that man tell you that you are no justice of the peace, and have no right to try this case? You just go back there and decide against him, and let him know that you are.' The Court returned to his seat, denied the gentleman's motion, heard the evidence, rendered a judgment for plaintiff, who most willingly paid C——, his counsel, little knowing that he was indebted to Captain M—— for his victory."

It has been truly said that the first thing that rushes to the recollection of a soldier or a sailor, in his direst difficulty, is his mother. She clings to his memory and affection in the midst of all the forgetfulness and hardihood induced by a roving life. The last message he leaves is for her; his last whisper breathes her name. The mother, as she instills the lesson of piety and filial obligation into the heart of her infant son, should always feel that her labor is not in vain. She may drop into the grave; but she has left behind her an influence that will work for her. The bow is broken, but the arrow is sped, and will do its office.

When Governor Brooks was Commander-in-Chief of the Militia of the ancient Commonwealth of Massachusetts, he, with his Adjutant-General and one of his Aids, went out one fine morning to attend a review of the troops a few miles south from Boston. After the review he met at the parade an old acquaintance and friend, General ——, who formerly commanded the Brigade, a gentleman more remarkable for successful and enterprising business habits than for extensive or accurate reading, even of his Bible. The General invited the Governor to dine with him, the invitation was accepted, and they repaired to the General's house. After partaking of a glass of brandy and water, which in those days was deemed an indispensable part of *military duty*, the General apologized to the Governor for not being able to give him so good a dinner as he could wish; remarking that, had he known the Governor was to be present, he would have prepared himself for the occasion. "But," said he, "Governor, walk in with me, and such as I have give I unto thee—*as the Irishman said.*"

Standing at Point Prospect, and looking at Niagara Falls, one bright morning last summer, my attention was drawn to an elderly man who was approaching me. The dress and air of the man spoke clearly of one who was well-to-do in this world, and who felt the importance his wealth gave him. Ranging himself alongside of me, and looking at the sublime scene before him, he said, "That wall over there must have cost a great deal of money." I looked at him with amazement, and at last rather shortly replied, "Did you suppose that wall was built by human hands?" He looked foolish enough, and growled out, "Well, I never was here before;" and gave me a wide berth very quickly. There have been innumerable first impressions of Niagara given to the world, but I do not recollect ever seeing one from the point of view of a man made of and by money, and if you think this worth publishing you are welcome to it.

It is well known to most of our readers that the enterprise of Tennesseans has constructed turnpikes in all directions from this State to the Kentucky line, under the promise, from our Kentucky neighbors, that they would continue them into their State. All these pikes still end at the State line, with no prospect of their being extended. The consequence is that, in a season like the present, when the roads are soft, and there are frequent rains and snows, and heavy crops to haul over the roads, they get into the most horrible condition, and it is no exaggeration to say that the traveler from Tennessee absolutely *drops into* Kentucky; and if he does not drop in so deep that horses can't haul him out he is lucky beyond the average of his class. A few days since a traveler from foreign parts took passage on the two-wheel mail-cart for the interior of the State, and was enjoying a good nap. From this nap, however, he was suddenly aroused by a tremendous concussion, which threw him violently against the side of the box, skinning his nose, and otherwise bruising his body. Upon looking about he found the vehicle in the midst of a limitless sea of mud, about the consistency of thin cream, and the bottom of the box below the water line; the horses' head and neck were the only portions of the animals in sight, and the driver was laying his whip on to them. The traveler, recovering himself with a vehement execration, inquired,

"What in thunder is the matter?"

"Nothing," responded the driver, busily plying his whip the while, "only *we've struck Kentucky!*"

Our traveler, in relating his experience, said that he had, in the course of his life, been in a good many tight places—that he had been blown up on steamboats, thrown off of railroads, and upset in stages—but that was the first time he had ever "run against a State," and he believed that Kentucky was the only State on the face of the earth where the thing could be done.

You often hear of a man being in advance of his age, but you never hear of a woman being in the same predicament.

Postal arrangements in Rome are slightly out of joint. A comedian recently applied for a letter at the post-office, and was told there was forty cents to pay for it. "I can't pay that," said he, "for I know what's in it." "Well, how much will you give?" asked the postmaster. "Four sous is all it is worth to me," said the comedian. "Well, take it, then," replied the postmaster, "for I've read it, and it's only a love-letter."

A stitch in time saves nine. If, therefore, thou feelest one in thy side, be thankful, O friend!

Every man in his own life has follies enough, in his own mind troubles enough, in the performance of his duties deficiencies enough, without being curious about the affairs of others.

PATRICK'S SERENADE.

IN THE ORIGINAL IRISH.

Och! Bridget, mavourneen, joost open the winder,
And give me a glimpse av your beautiful face;
My ancient dudeen is all burnt to a cinder,
And boogs are quite thick in this murtherin' place.

Sure, Biddy, my girl, it's no joke for a ganious
To walk all the day 'nath a botherin' hod,
And thin, in the night, serynade a young Vanious,
Clane up to his knees, in the muddy ould sod.

I'm dyin' wid rapture, my jewel of cratures,
And niver a lovyer more willingly howled;
But don't ye let scorn wrinkle up your swate fatures,
Because your poor Paddy has got such a cowld.

The lightnin' is roarin', the toonder is flashin',
The moon is no bigger than nothin' at all;
And such an outragious murtherious splashin'
I niver did hear since the days I was small.

Thin open the winder, my queen av affection,
Or, what is as good, plase open the door;
Nor dhrame that you're sure of escapin' detection—
I know ye're awake by the length av ye're shnore!

From the New York Observer.

WEST'S IMPROVED PUMP. — There are but few places either in town or country where the aid of a pump is not required. Hence the large supply of them and the multiplicity of patterns. Simplicity and durability are essential requisites in a good working pump, if one is to have continued satisfaction in the use of it.

We have had in use for months past one of West's pumps, which has given us more satisfaction as a force and lifting pump than any we have ever used. It is one of great power, and well adapted for ship's decks, mines, factories, green-houses, graperies, &c., &c. The "*Mining Chronicle and Railway Journal*" says:

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From the Puritan Recorder, Boston.

COUGHS. — Such of our readers as are troubled with cough or irritation of the throat, will do well to try Brown's Troches, advertised in our columns. The verdict of those who have used them is singularly unanimous in their favor.

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APRIL.

Again as Spring, with radiant wing,
To greet the greening earth advances,
Our April sky, like Laura's eye,
In mingled tears and laughter glances.
One sunny hour, and then a shower,
A glow of heat, and next a shiver;
To-day the rose half opes and blows,
To-morrow ice is in the river.

Through branching roots the spring life shoots,
The sap is swelling leaf and blossom;
In warmer flood the mantling blood
Now leaps through every human bosom.
Dear Annie's eye, though still and shy,
Yet glistens with a tenderer meaning,
And though too coy to own her joy,
We see her heart is toward us leaning.

O Month of Change! in all the range
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